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TO

The Nation

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1909.

The Week.

Secretary MacVeagh was certain to be attacked by the straiter—not excluding the crookeder—sect of Republicans, and rumors of the coming fray are already heard in Washington. The Secretary's low-tariff speech at Boston is his latest offence. Just fancy having a man in a Republican Cabinet who does not believe that the Payne tariff is a blessed finality! This is sad enough, but Mr. MacVeagh goes from bad tariff doctrine to worse principles of administration. Senators grow purple with rage as they say to each other: "Why, the man is trying to run the Treasury just as if it were a first-class business house!" He is making his own appointments, and making them, what is more, on the ground of efficiency, and with cool disregard of the politicians. The grossest outrage of which he has been guilty consists in selecting an Assistant Secretary who comes from Boston, and in neither consulting nor notifying the Massachusetts Senators. This is almost enough to make Lodge lose faith in republican institutions—of which, naturally, he reckons his discredited State machine a necessary part. We presume that the fight on Secretary MacVeagh will not be so open or ferocious as some of the Washington correspondents are predicting, but the mere threat of it shows what a red rag to the standpat- ters is any programme of reform.

Not long ago, an Ohio Democratic committeeman wailed in this city over the lost opportunities of Gov. Harmon. With Republicans still in appointive offices all over the State, and hungry politicians of his own party unfed, what hope could there be for Democrats in the elections of next year, or what chance that he could control the delegation of Ohio in the next national convention? But the people of Ohio have just found out how their Governor has been using his time. The grafters who have been filling their purses and paying political debts through the manipulation of State funds have discovered in Gov. Harmon an official whom they can

neither deceive nor frighten. He now has in his office safe incriminating documents which legislative committees had been powerless to unearth, showing the loan of State funds carried on the books as in the vaults of the treasurer's office, the payment of private commissions to officials purchasing supplies for the State, and other frauds upon the people. No Ohio Republican with a reputation to preserve is any longer scoffing at the demand for a complete exposure of recent Republican Administrations. To carry the State against Gov. Harmon in 1910 would be no easy task under the best circumstances, but to go into the campaign under the burden either of a denial of the frauds which he has established, or of an attempt to impede further disclosures, would mean the sure sacrifice of Republican hopes in Ohio for years to come.

Attorney-General Wickersham's speech at the Pennsylvania Society's dinner, in New York Saturday night, contained this interesting passage:

As the statutes of the United States vest in him complete control over all such prosecution, he is constantly importuned to interfere with indictments or prosecutions, particularly in cases where proceedings are brought or threatened against persons of high social standing or of conspicuous political or business position. That the prosecution of crime cannot be properly influenced by considerations of the wealth or position of the offender is of course, axiomatic.

Mr. Wickersham's reference to the requests to keep his hands off, because of the social or political position of the parties concerned, piques curiosity. Which Trust has indulged in "importunity" on this broad ground? The Attorney-General may have had the Sugar Trust in mind; or he may have been dropping a quiet hint to certain other projected combinations of which the plans were awkwardly upset by last month's Circuit Court decision, and which may have been fishing for assurances of immunity from interference, if they go ahead with their undertakings. To describe the argument for ignoring such appeals as "axiomatic" is to put the case, from the Department's point of view, about as plainly as could be done. It means that there are no

arguments on the other side to which intelligent men will listen.

Last Friday's estimate on the cotton crop of 1909 by the Department of Agriculture was a somewhat startling surprise. The figure reported, 10,088,000 bales, was virtually down to the level of the crop of 1903, which was itself inadequate for the spinning trade's needs of that period—this in face of the fact that the estimated "world's annual requirements" of American cotton are to-day nearly 2,000,000 bales larger than in 1903. Not only was this estimate lower by half a million to a million bales than had been generally expected, but it was a quarter of a million bales below the personal estimates previously given out by the leaders in the cotton market's "bull speculation," who had every motive to spread belief in the lowest possible figure. But hardly less surprising than the estimate itself was the cotton market's reception of it. When the estimate appeared, cotton had been selling close to 15 cents a pound, and speculators had been excitedly predicting 17 to 20 cents. But instead of rushing up sensationally on the news, the cotton market, after a brief advance on Friday, actually declined next day. This could hardly be interpreted except as meaning, first, that the abnormally high existing price had "discounted" very much in the way of low estimates, and, secondly, that the Government's figures were distrusted.

There is some reason for distrusting them—quite apart from the fact that they fall so far below virtually every other forecast. For one thing, the Agricultural Department almost invariably underestimates a cotton crop, and its errors have of late years been very large. Its estimate of last December ran a million bales below the subsequently ascertained crop; in 1906 it was also a million bales below the facts; in 1904, a million and a half; in 1901, a million. In 1907 and 1903 its guess was fairly accurate, but those were conspicuous exceptions. In the present instance, there is reason to look skeptically at the Government figures on other grounds, particularly because of the small yield which it allots to cot-

ton States on the Atlantic seaboard, where the damaging weather influences which impaired the crop of the Gulf States and the Mississippi Valley did not prevail at all. That the crop as a whole is actually short, nobody doubts; and the state of the cotton trade is difficult enough without any over-emphasizing of gloomy calculations. Had the stock of cotton on hand at the opening of the season been so low as it was in 1903, and had foreign producers, such as Egypt and India, done as poorly this year as then, conditions would be disastrous. Fortunately, supplies of old cotton were this year nearly a million bales above those of 1903, and foreign crops appear to have turned out exceptionally well.

James J. Hill's continued warnings about our failing food supply are really a plea for scientific farming. Intensive culture and the utilization of every ounce of energy stored up in food, must make up for the increasing pressure of population and the diminishing areas of cheap and unoccupied land. This subject was touched upon in the presidential address delivered before the Society of Animal Nutrition at Chicago last month, and just printed in the last number of *Science*. A strong point was made of closer attention to what may be called the by-products of the farm. Just as the miner seeks to work low-grade ore, so will the farmer of the future endeavor to prevent the waste of "available energy contained in oat hulls, corn cobs, and the like." It is somewhat anomalous to have such minor savings urged upon us at the very time when, as the President assures us, the country is in a "high state of prosperity." But the true moral is that upon which Mr. Hill insists, namely, that no prosperity can long endure which depends upon exhausting the soil and ignoring the applications of science to agriculture.

It has for years been the rule in the event of a crime in certain portions of the South, to arrest the nearest negroes, and examine them afterward, if they are not previously lynched. But we do not recall, outside of Russia or Turkey, any happening similar to that in Savannah, where two hundred negroes have been rounded up and placed in jail merely on suspicion that they

might be connected with the killing of two white women and with the mortal injury to a third. The injured woman lived long enough to accuse her own husband of the crime and the evidence against him is multiplying. This, we must say, leaves the Savannah officers of the law in a singularly unfortunate position. If colored persons had in the courts there the standing to which they are entitled, there would be many suits for illegal arrest and imprisonment of innocent persons. But being only "niggers," the injured know full well that this redress is denied them; they can take satisfaction only in the fact that they are still unlynched and that the superior race is itself indicted.

The necessity of a law making it a criminal offence, subject to heavy penalty, for the driver of an automobile to run away after knocking down a human being is once more brought out by a distressing occurrence, when a faithful trolley switchman, who had been in the employ of the Brooklyn company for thirty-five years, was killed at his post of duty. The chauffeurs, fortunately in this case, and thanks to the energy of the police force, have been caught; and their explanation, so far as the running away is concerned, is that they were too frightened to stop. That is just where a proper law in the case would come in; it would make them too frightened to run away. It should provide a punishment of a long term of imprisonment for that act taken in itself, and irrespective of the seriousness of the injury inflicted on the victim. Then there would be some hope that what common decency does not effect would be accomplished by fear of consequences. Of course, this is not all that needs to be done. Real punishment for violation of the speed laws is imperatively demanded; and there must be more effective regulations to enable people to identify swiftly-moving automobiles, especially at night.

Cornell's ultimatum to the football magnates that the game must be reformed or abolished, coming as it does on top of a similar decision by the twelve Eastern Jesuit colleges, must send cold shivers down their spines. Never before has the opposition to the game been so earnest, so determined. The old absurd theories that this is not

a matter for faculties and presidents to meddle with; that a college could not afford to do away with football for fear of driving its students elsewhere; that the risks of football enhance its value and are inseparable from any manly sport, have entirely lost their utility in misleading the public. Cornell, like the rest of the university world, has seen Columbia flourish without football. Its faculty is, moreover, wise enough to see that, bad as the evils on the playing fields are, they are no worse than the physical and mental idleness among the students who look on, and the false standards of what is really worth while set up among the undergraduates. The Jesuit colleges have at last found their voices to denounce the recruiting of students expressly for athletic purposes, and the other evils of professionalism. They could have pointed them out years ago. But we who have so long called for this uprising against football would not now lament the delay. We must, however, point out that what we are really witnessing is the long-desired awakening, not so much of the public as of the collegiate governing bodies.

It is gratifying to find that in the Nobel prize distribution for 1909, the names of people well-off in worldly goods are not over-plenty. William Marconi, who gets half the physics prize, could probably get along without the twenty thousand dollars, and the Baron d'Estournelles de Constant, who receives, and deservedly receives, the peace prize, is described as fond of yachting and automobiling. The other beneficiaries are two German professors, a Swiss professor, and a Swedish authoress, none of whom is apt to be rolling in wealth even when the persons in question are of such international repute as Wilhelm Ostwald, or of such wide European fame as Selma Lagerlöf. The latter is the third woman to receive the Nobel prize since its foundation. Bertha von Suttner won the peace prize a few years ago, with her anti-militarist novel, and Mme. Curie shared the annual physics prize with her husband and Professor Becquerel. To Selma Lagerlöf, who is known in this country by a volume or two of short stories, the prize for idealism in literature goes more appropriately, perhaps, than to some of the men of far greater reputation upon

whom it has been bestowed, Kipling or Sienkiewicz, for instance. Her studies of peasant life in her own country have the glow of patriotism and piety which seems essential to give a writer national rank.

By the will of the late Francis Lathrop, the Metropolitan Museum gains conditionally a new department. His Japanese prints and wood-block books were collected long before the present rise in prices, but he never hesitated to replace a fair by a better example, nor to pay lavishly to fill a gap. This artist-collector combined, as few amateurs of our time, studious habits with instinctive taste. Thus his collections, in whatever field—Italian painting, Moorish pottery, or objects of Far Eastern art—were finely selected and contain a minimum of dross. A man of retiring disposition and averse from all forms of display and self-advertisement, the richness of his accumulations will doubtless surprise even his associates. The bequest to the Metropolitan is made subject to certain annuities, which, one may estimate, would be more than covered by the annual appreciation of the value of the collections. Mr. Lathrop also set a good example by leaving a collection which well deserved separate exhibition absolutely at the disposal of the Museum authorities. But here his diligence will frustrate his modesty, for as long as students seek Japanese books and prints at the Metropolitan Museum they will speak of the Lathrop collection.

Mr. Asquith's Albert Hall speech is a ringing manifesto of the Liberal Party's rights and purposes. It does not err on the ground of timidity. It does not hesitate, for instance, to come out strongly for self-government for Ireland. It disclaims any intention to do away with the House of Lords, but makes it very plain that its survival is to be conditioned on repentance and good behavior. The supremacy of the Commons is no longer to be left to the uncertainties of custom and precedent, but will be written down in black and white into an act of Parliament. The Liberal Premier's speech contains the ready answer to Mr. Balfour's argument that such action as the Lords have taken on the budget is the nation's only resource against the tyrannies of an unbridled Lower House. Mr.

Asquith asks that the life of a single Parliament be restricted to five or even four years. A House of Commons that runs wildly counter to the will of the people can thus be brought to speedy account. It remains for the Liberal orators to drive home the point Mr. Asquith insisted on Monday night, that under present circumstances no Liberal Minister can assume the burdens of government without assurance that his labors will not be nullified by the Lords.

There is a beautifully mathematical simplicity that is almost un-English about the first forecasts of the kind of tariff the British Unionist party will enact, if it is successful in next month's elections. All imports not regarded as raw materials will be moderately taxed—a 5 per cent. duty on partly manufactured goods, a 10 per cent. duty on goods in a more advanced stage of completion, a 15 per cent. duty on completely manufactured goods. Now we come to specific instances. Foreign wheat will pay a duty of two shillings a quarter or about six cents a bushel; from which we gather that wheat under the new tariff dispensation will take on the nature of a partly manufactured commodity. Other imports, partly or completely manufactured, that will pay duty, are flour, bacon, and maize. Inasmuch as, under the present system, tea, coffee, sugar, tobacco, dried fruits, and wine already pay a tax, it is quite apparent how tariff reform is going to put more bread and meat into the mouth of the British workingman. The way of all tariffs is uniform. They set out to create a dozen blessings and do away with a dozen evils, and their end is always that the daily pursuit of bread and meat and clothes for the masses of the people grows arduous to the point where the cry for relief can no longer be stilled—as in "protected" Germany, or in "protected" America.

The first speech of the new German Chancellor in the Reichstag bore out the indications of his policy that he had privately intimated. Herr Bethmann-Hollweg announced that he would not attempt government by party—meaning, of course, groups of parties. He declared that the Empire needed steady and consistent policies which would be impossible if the Government had all the

while to be making arrangements with shifting parties in order to get its measures adopted. This must not be taken as too serious an assertion of absolutism on the part of the Kaiser and his Ministers. It is, indeed, a definite turning away from the *bloc* strategy of Von Bülow, but the practical question remains, "How is the Government to get its majority in the Reichstag?" We are not speaking now of a vote of confidence or of a responsible Ministry—both as yet out of the question in Germany—but of obtaining supplies. Neither its taxation nor other schemes can the Government carry without somehow rallying a majority of the Deputies; and when the time comes to do it, we shall probably find the new Chancellor forced to adopt the party bargaining from which not even Bismarck could escape.

The latest step in the Russian Government's campaign against Finland is the appointment of the Grand Duke Nicholas, one of the firmest pillars of Russian reaction, to the supreme control over affairs in that land. Under him will be the governor-general and the crowd of military officials whom the Czar's Government has foisted upon the people of the Grand-Duchy precisely as in Von Plehve's day six years ago. The conflict has been raging for some time, and the Finns have shown their usual courage and resourcefulness. Their diets have been dissolved three times in four years; their Senates have resigned rather than play into the hands of Russia, and it may even be that in the last resort the people will venture to try their strength against the Cossacks. At the same time, the Government at St. Petersburg, flushed by its success in stifling a revolution and taming a Parliament, is pretty sure to go to extremes. The right of the Czar's Cabinet to legislate on matters of common interest to Russia and Finland is now to be extended so as to include not only the army, posts and railways, and customs, but the maintenance of public order, the regulation of judicial procedure, and all legislation affecting the rights of association, freedom of the press, and public meeting. Russian "order" and "freedom of speech" for Finland would mean the extinction of the last spark of liberty in the Czar's domains.

WORKING UP PATRIOTISM.

The American people, said Senator Rayner in his speech in the Senate last Monday, "have not yet fully absorbed the significance" of the Nicaraguan imbroglio. But they are in a fair way to do so. The very proposals of the Maryland Senator will enlighten them. When Representative Sulzer rose in the House to demand that President Taft "arrest" President Zelaya and try him for murder, most people only laughed. That was merely one of the amusing ways of the "peepul's" William. But Senator Rayner is a real lawyer, with a reputation to sustain. Yet he commits himself to doctrines and policies fully as wild as Sulzer's. He would have Congress authorize and virtually direct President Taft to "take all necessary steps for the apprehension" of Zelaya, and to "bring him to trial" for the murder of two American citizens. And this is put forward in the name of the well-settled principles of justice and the established canons of international law!

We cannot pretend to answer the question how a man of Senator Rayner's standing can tie himself up to such amazing doctrines. The most charitable supposition is that much learning about Zelaya's outrages hath made him mad. Mr. Rayner has made himself known as a man of warm humane sympathies. His arraignment of Zelaya sounds like an expression of sincere indignation. And it may be granted that the Nicaraguan dictator can scarcely be painted in colors too black. From all the evidence available, he seems indeed to have run a career of unspeakable oppression and cruelty. But even if we concede his lawlessness and villany to be worse than King Bomba's, the fact remains that he is a foreigner entirely outside the criminal jurisdiction of the United States, and, moreover, is the *de facto* chief of state of a neighboring and friendly republic. To punish his disregard of law, are we ourselves going to fling legal procedure to the winds? To show our detestation of his flouting of the rights of our citizens under international law, are we to deny that he and his country have rights under the law of nations? Senator Rayner promised to produce later the precedents for the absurd course which he advocates—war on Nicaragua which is yet not to be war. We shall await his precedents with curiosity, but

fear that the fundamental conception underlying them will be found to be that the people and government of Nicaragua have no rights which we are bound to respect.

What is most disquieting and even alarming about all this is the evidence it yields that an attempt is to be made to work Americans into a "patriotic" frenzy over Nicaragua. They are told that they have not yet perceived the full "significance" of the affair. So we have an agitation stirred up in Congress and the press. The aim seems to be so to inflame public sentiment that unwise and extreme and illegal measures may be condoned if not demanded. Thus far, the country has not been excited about the matter. The general opinion has not yet gone beyond believing that Zelaya is a great criminal, that conditions in Nicaragua are deplorable, and that our Government ought to see that the rights of Americans in that country are upheld. But we see what happens when a thing of this kind is let loose with clamorous publicity. The State Department does well to take a firm stand for what it believes to be the due protection of Americans abroad, but when its vigorous language is at once given to the press, along with its denunciations of a foreign ruler, a flame is kindled which may easily grow into a conflagration. Irresponsible politicians instantly throw on fresh fuel; and sensational newspapers try to flog the people into hysteria. No prudent statesman will fail to reckon with this new danger of American inflammability. It was comparatively safe in Webster's day to send and publish a dispatch, as he did in the Koszta case, in which, as he complacently wrote to a friend, he "let the eagle scream" a little; but there has been an enormous change since then. We have had the war about Cuba, for one thing, brought on by methods of political chicane and newspaper excitement undreamed of by Webster. And this is what so alarms the people of South and Central America, as we see their concern reflected in dispatches to foreign newspapers. It is none of Senator Rayner's "precedents" that they dread, but the precedent of the Spanish war, when Americans were gradually and artfully whipped into a delirium. A repetition of that mania is what some are to-day trying to force upon us

We are told that it is a patriotic duty to fall into a passion over the outrages in Nicaragua, and to resolve to go down there and "clean things up." Well, we also believe in patriotic fervor, but we would have it directed to the true objects of national pride. We have no objection to people getting excited in demanding of the Administration that it shall *not* get so excited as to lose its head and do an act of folly and injustice. Let there be as flaming a zeal as you please, but let it be a zeal for the real national dignity and for international fair dealing. Let the public be heated in calling upon the Government to keep cool. We do not yet know all the facts. Until we do, we cannot decide what law or policy we ought to apply to them. Under these circumstances, the truest patriot is he who will burn with indignation at the suggestion that the nation should do a reckless and illegal thing in the name of patriotism.

FREE TRADE AND BRITISH SHIPPING.

Those advocates of ship subsidies who are fond of asserting, in a conveniently broad and general way, that the great shipping business of Great Britain is maintained by a system of subsidies might profit by a discussion which appears in a Liverpool paper. The discussion turns on the probable effect of the protectionist proposals known by the name of "tariff reform" upon the prosperity of the shipping business; and the case is stated chiefly in the words of Mr. Charles Booth, chairman of the Liverpool Steamship Owners' Association, himself one of the leading shipowners of Liverpool and a recognized authority on the whole subject. As Mr. Booth's statement was certainly not intended for American consumption, it is interesting to observe that there is only a single passing reference—and that in a few words—to the subject of subsidies. From this fact alone it might be inferred that British shipping prosperity does not, as a rule, rest in any way upon the support of Government gratuities; but when it is seen what the reference is, a stronger inference may be made. This is the passage in which it occurs:

Tariff reform would increase the cost of building, equipment, and repairs; it would swell working expenses; it would diminish cargoes both out and home; and it would

reduce freights. The cumulative effect of the increased charges and expenses on the one side, and of diminished earnings on the other, would be simply disastrous. Ship-owners generally admit this. Those who support tariff reform as a policy hope to profit by a system of bounties.

Nobody would thus incidentally speak of people "hoping to profit by a system of bounties," if a system of bounties were already in operation in the business he was talking about, and of which he is one of the leading representatives. Many persons will find this little side-remark more convincing than elaborate citations of statistics.

The note of the whole discussion is the crucial importance of the advantages that free trade has given to the British shipping business. All that Mr. Booth and his associates in that great interest in Liverpool ask for is a continuance of free access to the best opportunities that the world affords. The best ships, bought at the lowest prices—that is the explanation, according to Mr. Booth, of the ability of British shipowners to keep a preponderant share of the world's carrying trade. "We build," says Mr. Booth, "the cheapest ships in the world. Even Germany, with considerably cheaper labor, cannot beat us here. The difference in first cost between a ship built in Great Britain and a ship of similar tonnage, material, and equipment built in the United States is anything from 30 to 60 per cent. The importance of this advantage can hardly be exaggerated." The competitor, he points out, who has to bear the burden of an unnecessarily expensive ship, is handicapped not only by the greater amount consequently required to pay interest on the capital, but also by a proportional increase in the allowance that must be made for depreciation and in insurance charges. The failure of American efforts to revive shipbuilding and shipowning for the foreign carrying trade he ascribes to our protectionist policy; while Germany's phenomenal advance in the same line, in spite of her general protectionist system, is explained by the fact that an exemption from the burden of that system has been made in favor both of shipbuilders and ship-owners, who have been enjoying all the benefits of free trade.

Another tender spot in the protectionist system in this country is incidentally touched by Mr. Booth, when he says

that the difference in the cost of ships in the United States is greatly increased by the practice of "the Steel Trust and other suppliers of material for shipbuilding of selling dear at home and cheap abroad." He does not at all relish the prospect of this charming device being introduced into England, as it might be if the Chamberlainite proposals were adopted. Evidently there is still a good deal of toughness in the English hold on free-trade principles, and it will take some work yet to loosen their grip on the minds of men of the Booth stamp. To hold your own against competitors by being able to deliver the goods at a lower price and still make a reasonable profit—that is the genuinely British way of looking at the matter. To hold your own against competitors by ruling them out at home and making an exorbitant profit, and underselling them abroad by giving foreigners better terms than your own countrymen—that is the modern protectionist idea. Before the people of the United States will add on to this scheme the additional feature of direct bounties out of the national treasury, they will wish to know a thing or two. And among other things, they will probably wish to know whether it wouldn't be well to try the plan of simply giving our shipowners a chance to get their ships at a fair price, before entering on a subsidy policy which is sure to bring with it demoralizing consequences.

MORE NEWS FROM THE POLE.

Whatever may be the case as regards history in general, no one can deny that in the *affaire Cook* history is repeating itself with a rapidity and exactness that leave nothing to be desired. One improbability doth tread upon another's heel, so fast they follow. Moreover, they keep coming in pairs, so prettily matched that, like the spellings of Tony Weller's name, a choice between them is left to the taste and fancy of each individual. The first story of Cook's conquest of the Pole was improbable; but what could have been pronounced more improbable in advance than that—a great university should incontinently confer upon him a doctorate for the achievement unless ample proof had been presented? The episode of the Eskimo youths presented just such opposite improbabilities; and so did the Barrill affair. And now come an able seaman and his business-man friend, and make

affidavit that they supplied the doctor with a complete set of "faked" observations covering his dash to the Pole. The affidavits are so circumstantial that it is difficult to doubt their truthfulness; but why did Cook fail to pay them their price, when the betrayal of the secret was sure to follow? There is more in all this than is natural. Even the very names involved in the Cook affair are so strange as to seem to belong to the world of fiction rather than of fact. Not content with Wake and Wack, he must consort with Dunkle and Loose, regardless of the suggestion of ways that are dark and tricks that are vain which the conjuncture can hardly fail to provoke.

But with the plot thickening as it now is, and a conclusion likely in the near future, it is hardly worth while to weigh too solemnly this particular addition to the evidence in the Cook case. On the face of it, the matter looks very bad for the doctor, and it seems almost a duty of charity to point out a way of escape for him if the net tightens. If worse comes to worst, and it should be proved beyond the possibility of doubt, by the identity of the Copenhagen figures with those of Dunkle and Loose, that the records have been doctored and cooked, there is still a way out which may not occur to the Brooklyn man's champions. There is eminent psychological authority for the view that to be found out in a cheat of this kind should not be regarded by the eye of science as seriously damaging; that, indeed, it may, under certain circumstances, be looked upon as evidence of general honesty. Cook, let us suppose, is a perfectly honest and exceptionally guileless man. He has reached the Pole; he knows it himself beyond a doubt, and he is pained to find himself in a difficult position owing to the perverse skepticism of an unkindly generation. This difficulty, he feels, cannot be removed by the presentation of his genuine observations, which, though good enough for all practical purposes, will be picked to pieces by cold-hearted scientists because he is not enough of a nautical expert to have made them with the requisite accuracy. What more natural than that he should accept the aid of a kind navigator who will give him a better set of observations? He doesn't want them for the purpose of deceiving anybody, but simply in order to establish what he knows to be the truth. And

the very fact that he is not afraid to do all this in the dark, and thus run the risk of the most cruel accusations of fraud, only brings out the simplicity of his nature.

The story told by the two worthies has a great deal of interest, quite aside from its evidential bearing on the North Pole question. Here is a bit of conversation between Dr. Cook and Captain Loose:

"Do you think you could help me work out those altitudes?"

"Of course I could," replied the captain.

"How could you do it?" asked Dr. Cook.

"Why, that's easy," said the captain. "I'll work them out backwards."

Dr. Cook asked if he really knew how to work out observations backwards . . . and Capt. Loose assured him that he most certainly could.

"Then," replied Dr. Cook, "you can be of some service to me."

This is Silas Wegg and Mr. Boffin over again, with the same wonder on the part of the patron at the mysterious power of his helper to "work them out backwards" as Mr. Boffin felt at Mr. Wegg's attainments when he found that "all print was open to him." And the business man is as notable in his own way as the sailor man in his. When Dunkle named the price at \$4,000, and Dr. Cook "gasped some," Dunkle showed true American quickness and humor: "I assured him," he says, "that we thought we had the market cornered," a remark which must have struck the doctor as eminently correct. An interesting feature, too, is the sublime self-confidence of Loose, real or assumed. "Dr. Cook," he says, "you know that the observations which you had wouldn't prove anything to anybody. But if you stick to this set, they will carry you through any university in the world. Don't you be afraid that they will not pass those scientists at Copenhagen." Apparently, it did not occur to either of the parties that the Danish scientists might know as well as the captain did that observations could be fabricated without any trouble. Finally, it is interesting to notice the delicacy of the language employed on both sides throughout. Never was there anything more than an implication that the observations of Dr. Cook himself might be non-existent or worthless. Some of the high officials in charge of our relations with foreign countries might take pattern by these unprofessional diplomats in the observance of euphemistic forms to cover unpleasant realities.

HARVARD AND THE ELECTIVE SYSTEM.

The action taken by the Board of Overseers of Harvard University in relation to the elective system furnishes impressive evidence both of the ripeness of the time for the contemplated changes and of the firm grasp with which President Lowell has taken hold of his new duties. It is in response to a sentiment that has been steadily growing for some years, and which is now predominant in educational circles, that a radical modification of the system is being made at Harvard; but that action so definite and thoroughgoing should be taken so soon after the inauguration of the new president is a remarkable testimony to the effectiveness of his personal influence. As for the significance of the step in itself, it is within bounds to characterize it as among the most important events that have come about in the college world for many years, and one which will rejoice the hearts of nearly all who have given serious thought to that "problem of the college" of which we hear so much nowadays. It means much to thousands of individual young men whose choice of studies it will directly affect; it means more as an assertion of the attitude of the foremost of American colleges toward the underlying questions of college education.

In saying this, we do not wish to be understood as subscribing to some of those extreme forms which attack upon the idea of the Harvard elective system has taken. Thus a professor in the Columbia School of Law, in an article just printed in the *Columbia University Quarterly*, says: "It was upon the misconception that education meant an accumulation in the student's mind of a heterogeneous mass of undigested facts and of disassociated ideas that the very liberal elective system in colleges was based." This is so far from being true that it is almost the opposite of the truth. When a reaction takes place against a system which was at first hailed with enthusiastic applause and which has been tried and found wanting, it is curious how ready people are to call the men of the preceding generation nothing better than fools. The accumulation of a "mass of facts," heterogeneous or homogeneous, was the very thing that President Eliot and his associates in the movement cared least for; and it was an undervaluation, not

an overvaluation, of such accumulation, that formed part of their motive in throwing overboard the old curriculum. What they wished to accomplish was to put life into the student's interest in his studies by giving him freedom of choice; what they aimed at was reality and significance in college studies, in direct contrast to the meaningless accumulation which they felt that the old curriculum represented in the case of a large proportion of the students. Their error was not in seeking something that was not worth while; it was that, in a too close concentration of their thoughts upon a single desideratum, they lost sight of other aspects of the question of education which are even more important, and the neglect of which is now recognized as having disastrous consequences. Their hobby was, not a bad thing in itself; but they rode it too hard, as many have thought all along, and as almost everybody sees now.

The system that is to be substituted for the complete freedom of choice that has hitherto prevailed at Harvard is indicated with sufficient definiteness by the resolutions of the Overseers. A committee of the faculty is to be appointed, with the president as chairman, to "prepare general rules for the choice of electives, to be approved by the faculty, based upon the principle that a student must take a considerable amount of work in some one field and that the rest of his courses must be well distributed." This is the kernel of the whole matter; all the rest is subsidiary, including the provision for the appointment, out of the faculty, of "a large number of advisers for the students." It may safely be assumed that the details of the plan will be worked out by the committee in a practical manner.

The purpose is plain enough. The choice of a college course may be made sufficiently elastic to give due consideration to a student's proclivities and to his prospective occupation, without the sacrifice of the primary idea of a college education; but that idea is completely lost sight of when mere number of hours in the classroom is regarded, as it has been, as a full measure of value. Even supposing that the choice was made in good faith in every instance, there are a score of fundamental objections. The want of coördination is of itself an almost fatal defect, but there

are others fully as serious. Most fallacious of all is the notion that one study contributes as much as another to that general development of the mind which must be the primary aim of any college education worthy of the name. And when it comes to the objections that are not inherent but which experience shows to be of the utmost practical importance, we are confronted with the fact that in thousands of cases studies are chosen with no other measure of their attractiveness than that furnished by their standing in the scale of "soft snaps." All this the Harvard authorities are preparing to do away with; and to substitute for it something approaching the coherence and balance of the old college course, which, whatever its faults, was successful in building up, generation after generation, men who justly bore the title of gentleman and scholar.

THE GAY SCIENCE OF PHILOLOGY.

Philologists pass for dull dogs. Deeply immersed in severe studies, they preach and are supposed to practise a scientific method of inhuman exactitude. Many of them admit this, and the solemn occasions on which they convene are frequently enlivened by discussion whether, for the good of the feeble-minded greater number, philology ought not really to loosen up. But it can easily be shown that, far from being the most precise of the sciences, philology is, in actual practice, one of the most romantic of the arts. These grave men are inwardly fond adventurers and their trade as hazardous as the quest of samphire.

Only consider the interpretation of that charming Middle English poem, "The Pearl," which Professor Gollancz first rescued from the files of the Early English Text Society. Five translations and commentaries have ensued. Now, the especial point about this very pretty poem is that it either is or isn't that quite slippery thing, an allegory. It appears to be a lament for a little girl who is dead, whose purity is symbolized by the pearl. It is certain, that is, that the pearl means the girl, and it may well be that both, after approved mediæval fashion, mean something else. Hard words have passed on this issue, and in more robust days blood would doubtless have been shed. Where the

fun really comes in is not in the rightness or wrongness of the partisans, but in the fact that half a dozen scholars of repute, professing to translate this poem for us laymen, have so garbled the meaning as to prove that the pearl was a real girl. Professor Schofield of Harvard, who is of the other opinion, has relentlessly shown them up in the vivacious periodical published by the Modern Language Association. One of them had inferred from the reality of the bereavement—itsself an inference—an entire domestic tragedy. Somewhere, if he is rightly translated, the poet declares that he has been two years alone. Clearly, his wife has left him, and, that being so, she may have gone off with another man, accentuating the husband's grief for the loss of his daughter. The pearl, or is it the girl? is once spoken of as "secret," which gives only too much reason to suppose that the innocent heroine of the poem was illegitimate. So philology has dealt with one piece of literature, and yet they say the philologists are prosaic fellows. Turpin himself never more deftly lightened a heavy purse of its superfluous coin than these translators, quite unconsciously and after the manner of genius, deprived the "Pearl" of all evidence controverting their theories.

If the gayety of a science depends upon the temper of its devotees, evidently philology will not fit into the dismal category. But romance requires also the air of varied circumstance. Here, too, the philologer walks in wide-eyed expectancy. From the sands of Turkestan have come recently the fragments of a new Aryan language. The discovery of an inscribed spear-head might any day establish a new theory or mortally smite an old one. Years ago Professor Sievers declared that certain portions of the Anglo-Saxon poem of the Creation abounded in Continental words and phrases, and must be a translation from an Old Saxon original. For some time his rivals cheerfully demonstrated that he knew neither Old Saxon nor Anglo-Saxon. It looked as if his theory must remain in the limbo of unproved hypotheses. But one day another German scholar was rummaging in the Vatican library, and that day, in William James's pregnant words, "truth occurred" to Professor Sievers's theory—a sheet from the posited Old Saxon poem turned up in a book-binding. Here

are suggested hazards of scholastic fortunes with which mere prospecting for gold or cornering cotton cannot vie.

With philologists one is ever in the realm of the imagination. Prof. Brand Matthews takes occasion in his recently published essay on the Speech of the People to praise King Alfred for his "intuitive knowledge" of the profound truth that language "lives in common speech and in daily use, rather than in grammar and in dictionary." See how the philological fancy glorifies Alfred for what the common man would suppose the great king couldn't help doing. But Professor Matthews sees vividly the insidious perils that hung over the grave origins of English prose. Had not Alfred had that instinct for colloquialism, he might easily have been perverted through reading the glossaries in Sweet's Earliest English Texts or similar organs of pedantry. Thus the infant English language might have been broken down at the outset by the sheer weight of its polysyllabic swaddling clothes. And note that it takes the trained philological imagination to perceive this service to England and the world. All of which brings us back to our original contention that, as sciences go, philology is distinctly in the gay division. If a philologist ever seems a dull dog; look out for him. He really is bursting with romance, and if you thwart him he may do you an injury.

GAMES AND TALK.

In formally opening the new links at Gravesend, the other day, Mr. Arthur Balfour made a short speech about golf. Even his oratorical genius was unequal to saying anything new on the subject, but he did say something that appears not to be true. Deprecating the practice of calling upon a public man—already sick unto death with much speaking—to make an address on every conceivable occasion, Mr. Balfour contended that speech-making was peculiarly inappropriate to golf, since it was "a game to be played and not to be talked about."

If this was meant for satire, nothing is to be said except that it was too subtle. As a matter of fact, talking about golf is one of the great and established features of the game. Ask the despairing wives who have to listen to all the

details of the match fought over again at dinner! Freeman's disgust at the "chatter about Harriet" was no greater than that of many a non-golfer compelled to listen to endless explanations of the way in which the ball became unplayable on the thirteenth and hung on the edge of the cup on the last hole. Veterans fighting their battles over again are not a circumstance to the long explanations of golf strategy and the "most wonderful shot I ever made," which go on with inexhaustible zest on club piazzas and around the tables in the café. Condemn the inveterate golfer to silence about his favorite sport, and it would lose half its charm.

What Mr. Balfour seems to have confused is the rule of taciturnity while actually playing, and the rule of limitless discussion and living the scene over again when the match is finally lost or won. Strict observers of golf etiquette go over the course like so many Trappists. The tradition of silence on the links is ancient and severe. Stories and facts without end illustrate it. There were the two old Scotchmen who played a closely-contested round without a word or whisper, until one of them uttered a golfer's oath as his ball jumped out of the cup on the eighteenth hole. The other turned upon him in a fury at his "unbridled loquacity." The conviction is generally held that the best players are the most close-mouthed. The man whom Walter Travis defeated in the finals for the British amateur championship wrote afterwards that the American was the most silent golfer he had ever encountered. His single remark to his opponent during the whole thirty-six holes was: "You are driving a very long ball." This is the kind of golden silence on the links which Mr. Balfour may have had in mind.

There is, to be sure, what is known as "conversational golf," in which contestants are privileged by agreement to keep up a ceaseless patter of guying and banter between strokes, but that is admitted to be a shameless departure from the rigors of the game. Yet the most punctilious player, who holds it a sacred obligation to let his words be few in the course of actual play, feels at liberty to overflow when it is ended. Then come the joyous recollections of the exact difficult lie and the astonishing recovery, the long and absorbing

post-mortems, the nice pointing out just where the match was lost, the conclusive demonstration that if a wooden club had only been taken instead of an iron, or the ball not fallen into a heel-print in the hazard, a glorious victory would have resulted. There is also the utterly illimitable talk about the make of clubs and style of shoes and stance and swing and grip, which flows on no less fatedly and in much greater volume than Tennyson's brook. Golf not to be talked about! Why, it is one of the greatest provocatives to conversation ever brought into this tongue-wagging world.

It is true of all popular games that talking about them is inseparable from playing them. Fancy what would happen to academic conversation if its one great theme for a large part of the college year were to be taken away. Football gives its chief color to the speech of thousands of undergraduates for weeks and months. Before the season opens, there is the vast discussion of plans and possibilities. While the games are playing, the rising hope of American culture can talk of nothing else. After the last struggle has been fought out, there come the long regrets that its strategy or personnel had not been different; and the undergraduate mind carries the matter well into the winter, until it is time to enliven the conversation by speculating on the chances of the nine and the crew in the spring. If it were not for games and talk about them, we should not have any of that play of wit and fancy, and that mind sharpening mind, which this athletic age has made such a social staple. No games, no conversation. A young lady of our acquaintance put the case exactly as it is. She was thrown into the company of a college senior, with whom she endeavored to make talk. "I tried him on books," she said, "but only made him uncomfortable. I asked him about the theatre, but he merely looked blank. I inquired what he thought about politics, but found that he had no thoughts. Then I saw what had to be done, and suggested athletics. Instantly he brightened up, ran on fluently for an hour, and concluded that I was not such a fool as he had feared." So we see that the game may not be worth the candle, but is certainly worth the talk.

RECENT FRENCH HISTORY.

PARIS, December 2.

The latest of the many volumes which Emile Ollivier has in his old age written on "*L'Empire Libéral*" (Garnier), in which the history-making activities of his prime were spent long ago, practically concludes his *Apologia pro Vita sua*. It must be said that time, with its appeasements, had already proceeded to his essential justification. Never was a French minister more vituperated by his countrymen of every degree. After their crushing defeat by Germany, they were bound to find scapegoats. In 1867 Republican agitators had prevented the efficacious army reform urged by Marshal Niel. In the fatal July session of Parliament in 1870, Gambetta shouted loudest for war and branded opposition as *scélérat*. They profited by the Emperor's defeat, which was at the same time a national disaster, to work their Revolution; and when this, instead of mending matters, ended them by the loss of two provinces, they turned first, ungallantly, against the Empress Eugénie—it had been "her war" all along—next against Emile Ollivier, Prime Minister when they forced the Emperor to war against his own feeling and judgment. Ollivier's unhappy phrase of the *cœur léger*, with which he looked forward to the war he had in reality opposed, was taken from its context and for many years he sank under its opprobrium. He has bided his time. Has he justified himself now? Essentially, yes—and, along with himself, the Empress, who was never a friend of his, but whose rôle was grossly exaggerated from social and religious as well as political hatred. Her utterance as she escaped from the Tuileries still best sums up that closing of an historical epoch: "We have been dupes!"

The story is long, but it is well told by this too theoretical statesman who was a chief actor in it and who remains a master rhetorician. The importance of these volumes extends far beyond the defence of their author and the rectification of still burning disputes. The "*Liberal Empire*" was a spontaneous progress of the French people toward representation by an executive power. Its utter failure has left France under the absolute sovereignty of the legislative body in the present Parliamentary Republic. The details of the diplomacy at Ems and the political workings at Paris are here told by one who knows, and, on the whole, with surprising impartiality.

"Napoléon III, devant l'histoire" (Dujarric), by Pierre Gérard, is a popular volume intended to lift the clouds from the memory of the *grand méconnu*. The undoubted progress and material prosperity of France under the hapless Emperor furnish easy arguments,

which, moreover, deserve a place in serious history. The preface is by the Marquis de Dion, progressive leader in the automobile industry and in the plebiscitary political party.

G. Weill, professor in the university faculty of Caen, writes from the outside the "Histoire du Catholicisme Libéral en France (1828-1908)"—a movement which prepared Conservative minds for the successive acceptance of four essentially revolutionary governments: King Louis Philippe, the Republic of 1848, the Second Empire in its Liberal phases, and the Third Republic, so long as this last tolerated the "rallying" of Catholic Frenchmen to itself. Although its formulæ are now discredited by both sides, this movement had consequences which endure in the social constitution of to-day. In this it is like the other defunct Liberalisms of the Continent. Its history in the main had already been written from the inside by the biographer of Montalembert, who was so long its leader. The present volume is from the publisher of philosophy, Alcan. With it should be noted a book on a new movement from Georges Goyau, Catholic editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*—his fourth series, "Autour du Catholicisme social" (Perrin). It treats discursively of the church of the people (in Ireland); Gladstone's State Church; the church and political novel-ties (illustrated by Cardinal Consalvi); and various present-day "Catholics of action."

Maurice Quentin-Bauchart, born a citizen of Paris and long one of its municipal councillors, publishes the notes of his impressions as a grown boy of the Siege and Commune—"Les Evénements de 1870-71" (Juven). They are prefaced by the Napoleonic authority, Frédéric Masson of the French Academy. Gen. Kirkpatrick de Closeburn, who is of the same cosmopolitan Scottish clan as the Empress Eugénie, publishes his remembrances of youth fighting for a predestined lost cause—"Souvenirs Carlistes" (Alphonse Picard). The death of the last Don Carlos gives them a shadow of actuality.

"Fashoda" (Flammarton), by ex-Foreign Minister Hanotaux, is an instructive revelation from diplomatic documents and inside knowledge of one of the most distressing incidents of recent French history. The international preliminaries of the brilliant Marchand expedition; the hesitating utterances of the British Foreign Office, which did not venture to claim exclusive rights in the Sudan until forced by that handful of Frenchmen; and, quite disregarded by a world which attends only to sensational history in the making, the final recognition by England, as a consequence of that humiliation of France, of the vast colonial empire which France has taken for herself from the Niger and Congo to the Mediterranean

—these are substantial additions to our knowledge of contemporary history. It is natural that M. Hanotaux should insist on the ignorance of the situation which he had prepared, or the neglect of it, on the part of his successor, M. Delcassé. The Fashoda incident was the immediate and condign punishment; but it is not sufficiently brought out that it was Minister Delcassé's subsequent profiting by England's need in the Sudan which secured the consolidation of French rights in Africa. Here, too, as if a republic can have a successful foreign policy only by accident, the Delcassé negotiations ended in the seeming humiliation of Algéciras, which again has worked beyond all expectation for the recognition of the African rights of France by Germany. Delcassé has now downed Clemenceau, who thus drew final victory from defeat; but the Republic has taken back neither Delcassé nor Hanotaux to direct its policy. It is lucky for future history that the ex-minister concerned should elucidate all this first period. It makes possible a clear understanding of a movement that otherwise would seem made up of incoherent leaps backward and forward. The substance of the book first appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

"La Politique réaliste à l'extérieur" (Fasquelle), by Pierre Baudin, explains what that ex-minister of public works would have the foreign policy of France, now that the Republic is not profiting by his counsels. It is the book of a Moderate Radical, who has a patriot's good will with some knowledge of international events as they really happen, and not as newspapers report them. In name his "realist" policy is that proclaimed by Prime Minister Briand as his own "policy of realizations." This leaves the mind of Englishmen and Americans blank, for they hardly ever allow ideals or ideas to intervene in practical politics, but always and everywhere realize whatever is in sight. The reading of a book like this of M. Baudin is therefore a help to the understanding of French policies—no easy thing for the Anglo-Saxon.

"Terroristes et policiers" (Juven), by Jean Longuet and Georges Silber, is an evidently inspired book on a most painful subject of contemporary history—the underground working of the Russian police. The preface is by W. L. Bourtsév, whose accusations have so notoriously interrupted the operations of the Russian police abroad. The sympathies of freedom-lovers are inevitably torn between their dislike of bureaucrats striving desperately to save an autocracy at bay and their distrust of a Nihilism sticking at no crime in the pursuit of its own ideal of liberty.

S. D.

Correspondence.

THE ORACLE OF LOVE IN THE TWELFTH CHAPTER OF "LA VITA NUOVA."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: After Beatrice had denied to him her salutation, Dante declares that Love appeared to him in a vision, and sighed, and said: "*Fili mi, tempus est ut prætermittantur simulacra nostra*—my son, it is time for us to lay aside our counterfeiting"; and that, having so said, Love wept for pity, and to Dante, asking, "Lord of nobleness, why dost thou weep?" replied: "*Ego tamquam centrum circuli, cui simili modo se habent circumferentia partes; tu autem non sic*—I am as the centre of a circle, for which all parts of the circumference are alike; but thou art not so." Perplexed, Dante again asked: "What thing is this, Master, that thou hast spoken thus darkly?" Love only replied: "Demand no more than may be useful to thee."

Love's injunction, "it is time for us to lay aside our counterfeiting," is clear. Beatrice, and others, had misunderstood Dante's "screening" homage to another lady; it is time, therefore, to confess the truth to his real lady. Obediently, Dante addresses to Beatrice a *ballata*, which says of its maker:

Lady his heart has been
of such fixed constancy
that his each thought incites him to serve thee:
early 'twas thine, and never hath it strayed.

Apparently, this obedience, though due, is to entail disaster for Dante, because he is not, like Love, "as the centre of a circle, for which all parts of the circumference are alike." Also, present understanding of what Love means would not avail to avert the disaster, otherwise an explanation would be "useful." We should expect, accordingly, to find the key to the oracular utterance in the direct consequences of Dante's obedient "laying aside of counterfeiting."

After this above written vision [Dante writes], when I had already said those words [to Beatrice] which Love had charged me to say, many and divers thoughts began to assail and tempt me, each one almost irresistibly, among which thoughts four seemed most to disturb my life's repose. The first whereof was this: The lordship of Love is good since it draweth the mind of his liege from all evil things. The next was this: The lordship of Love is not good since the more faith his liege beareth him, the more heavy and more grievous straits must he pass. The next was this: The name of Love is so sweet to hear that it seemeth to me impossible that its action in most things be other than sweet. . . . The fourth was this: The lady for whom Love constraineth thee thus is not as other ladies that her heart be lightly moved. And each assailed me so, that it made me stand like one who knoweth not by which path to take his way, and who fain would go, yet knoweth not whither to turn. And if I thought that I would seek a way common to all, namely, where all might be in accord, this way was most inimical to me, namely, to call upon and yield me to the arms of pity.

Drawn "irresistibly" four ways in turn, Dante is obviously in a position unlike "the centre of a circle, for which all parts of the circumference are alike." Concerned as he is for his own welfare, he can see no way out, no centre of accord, except in his lady's pity, which he forebodes must be "inimical."

The foreboding is immediately justified. From Beatrice he finds not pity, but mockery. So far from pity making accord between his four conflicting thoughts, his appeal to pity only involves him in a new fourfold mystery—

whereof the first [matter] is, that oftentimes I grieved when memory moved my fancy to imagine how Love dealt with me. The second is how Love did many times suddenly assail me so mightily that there remained naught in me of life save a thought that spake of this lady; the third is, that when this battle of love assailed me thus, I set forth, as 'twere all pallid, to behold this lady, believing that the sight of her would defend me from this assault, forgetting what befel me through drawing nigh to such gentleness; the fourth is, how that such sight not only did not defend me, but finally discomfited the small remnant of my life.

Thus the lover seems at the point of spiritual death, when suddenly all is changed. Dante presently announces "a new matter and more noble than the past." Questioned as to the end of his love, he replies: "Ladies mine, the end of my love was once this lady's salutation. . . . But since it hath pleased her to deny it to me, Love, my lord, by his grace hath placed all my beatitude in that which cannot fail me," namely, as he says presently, "in those words which praise my lady."

Love, "lord of nobleness," has at last revealed himself to Dante, whose own love to now has been ignoble, because self-centred, craving reward in the salutation. The four thoughts which drew him from his repose were all for his own welfare. Henceforth his love is to be centred in self-effacing service, in pure homage. He will give all, asking nothing; and therefore he can lose nothing. Not pity, his "enemy" indeed, but renunciation, was signified by that "centre of indifference" to which Love, "lord of nobleness," had likened himself. Such love Dante joyously believes he has now found, and declares in the sonnet, "Love and the gentle heart are but one thing." In the canzone, "Ladies that have intelligence of love," he first expresses this "new matter and nobler" of love, this selfless homage. It is significant that Bonagiunta cites (*Purg.* xxiv, 51) this canzone as demarking the "sweet new style," when asking Dante to define that style. To him Dante replies:

I am one who, when
Love me inspireth, note, and in such wise
as he dictates within, go setting forth.

The "oracle of Love" in the twelfth chapter of the "Vita Nuova" is just such a dictation. Love's obscurely declared nature, when realized by Dante through mistake and suffering, is what turns Dante's "young life" into his "new life," his regenerate life; when his selfish love is born again in the new intelligence of the love which is nobleness.

But fulfilment of love through self-renunciation is not yet perfect. While Beatrice lives, Dante has at least the reward of her presence. Presently, death robs him of even that. He despairs, and turns for comfort to the Piteful Lady (*la donna pietosa*). Again forgetful of the nemesis which appeal to pity brought, again misunderstanding the love which is nobleness, he said within himself: "It cannot be but that noble love is with that piteful lady." And he thought of her: "This is a gentle lady, fair, young, and wise, and hath ap-

peared perchance by Love's will, in order that my life may find rest." But such was not the will of Love, "lord of nobleness." His life does not find rest, but is distracted by a new "battle of thoughts," by one justifying selfish solace, another commanding unselfish loyalty. For a while the selfish thought dominates, until "a mighty vision" of young Beatrice leaves him penitent, and filled with "tribulation" such that his eyes weep so

that Love
encircled them as with a martyr's crown.

Thus this spiritual crisis recorded in the forty-first chapter exactly repeats that already recorded in the sixteenth. In each case, centring his love in pity, he is at once drawn opposite ways by contrary thoughts, and is then suddenly confronted with Beatrice, first in the flesh, the second time in "a mighty vision" (*una forte immaginazione*). On the one occasion her girlish mockery, on the other the silent reproach of the girlish figure he had first seen and loved, utterly discomfited him. From each discomfiture springs the realization that the true "centre" of the love which is nobleness lies not in the solace of indulgent pity, but in the self-devotion of the "gentle heart." The ignoble lover seeks to realize his own self-will, and finds only unrest and despair; the noble lover submits his own will to the will of his beloved. After the first crisis, Love, by his grace, had taught Dante the unfailing beatitude of selfless contemplation and praise of his lady mortal; so now, after the second crisis, Love will teach the still higher beatitude of praise and ideal contemplation of her immortal. In the last sonnet of the "Vita Nuova" this "new intelligence" is dictated by Love. Drawn ever upwards by a "new intelligence" that Love, weeping, implants in it, his "pilgrim spirit" soars to the Empyrean, where it beholds Beatrice in glory, yet is incapable of rightly declaring that glory.

Love, dictating this new intelligence of himself, weeps—as he had wept when first, after the denial of the salutation, he had declared darkly his true nature. Evidently not even yet is Dante's love fully subdued to the love which is nobleness. Before his "pilgrim spirit" may fully realize and declare the glory of Beatrice, that is of Love himself (the identity had been revealed by Love in chapter twenty-four), it must pass through Hell and Purgatory; must again, after its errancy, be confronted with Beatrice, and, appealing to pity, seem to find pity an "enemy" still. Though angels are moved to pity by his misery, Beatrice is sternly unrelenting. In his manhood, as in his "young life," he must pay the "scot that sheddeth tears." At Beatrice's rebuke.

Then at my heart there gnawed so great remorse
that I fell stricken (*Par.* xxxi, 88-9).

But after this third and last crisis, Love finally reveals himself fully in the knowledge of his kingdom, Paradise. Drawn upward to the Empyrean again, as his "pilgrim spirit" had been drawn in the "Vita Nuova," Dante now sees not only Beatrice in her glory, but the Godhead also—this last as "three circles of threefold color, and of one dimension," of which the third seemed to be "fire that was breathed forth equally by both" the other two. This third circle symbolizes the power of the Holy Ghost, or Love. Dante's mortal faculties failed to sustain

the beatific vision; but not until already his

desire and will were rolled,
even as a wheel that evenly is moved,
by the Love that moves the sun and other stars.

That is to say, having at last realized the Divine Circle, the one ray, the virtual centre of which is Love, Dante's whole moral nature is subdued to harmony with that Love, and becomes concentric with it. Selfish desire and self-will are quenched; he is able to say with the blessed, in Piccarda's words:

In His will is our peace.

Now Beatrice's seemingly "inimical" denial of pity is explained. In the "Vita Nuova" (chap. xxiv) Dante had foreshadowed her relation to him as that of Christ to the sinner. "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth"; it was Beatrice's chastening which at last made Dante's love also "as the centre of a circle, for which all parts of the circumference are alike"—that is to say, as we may now interpret, not a selfish passion blown hither and thither by the four winds of desire, but a joyous acquiescence in the will of the loved one, a "centre of indifference," such as Piccarda intends when she answers Dante (*Par.* iii, 70-2):

Brother, the quality of perfect love (*carità*)
stilleth our will, and maketh us desire
but what we have, nor giveth other thirst.

But while seeking nothing for itself, this perfect love is a radiant centre of loving charity equally for all. In heaven, where all are such radiant centres of love, there is, indeed, no distinction between giving and receiving; all are as "centres of circles, for which all parts of the circumference are alike," since, as Virgil says (*Purg.* xv 73-5):

The more on high who one another know,
the more are to love well, the more love is,
and like a mirror each to each gives back.

As if to symbolize visually Love's self-description, Dante represents the spirits of the more blessed as literally centres of flaming circles. The spirits in the Moon appear as merely shadowy human forms; in Mercury the shadowy forms begin to glow; in the higher planets the glow hides the enclosed form, and the spirit voices sound from the centres of these "torches" or "suns" or "splendors." One spirit, San Pier Damiano, is explicitly described as "love" at the centre of a whirling circle of light (*Par.* xxi, 79 ff.); and the Virgin Mary becomes the centre of "a radiance circle-formed around her," by "the angelic love" of Raphael (*Par.* xxiii, 94 ff.). Finally the Godhead appears as a threefold circle, within which Dante seems to see the image of Christ, that is to say, of Love himself. Visually regarded, Love's dark words in the "Vita Nuova" could not be more fully justified.

If the above interpretation of these dark words be correct, they are by no means the mere *obiter dictum* or even unexplained mystification that the commentators have left them, but form the dramatic announcement, and contain the essential tenet, of the religion of love embodied in the "sweet, new style" of both the "Vita Nuova" and the "Divina Commedia."

JEFFERSON B. FLETCHER.

Columbia University, December 10.

FRENCH ACCENTS ON PROPER NOUNS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The spelling of the name of the poet Heredia (without any accent) in your article on Father Tabb in this week's *Nation* tempted me to send you, for your next list of *errata*, a corrected *Hérédia*. That, at least, was the spelling finally agreed upon by the revising editors of the "New International Encyclopædia," after a good deal of doubt and careful consulting of the best authorities. The busy lexicographer cannot always lay his hand on the works of the author whose fate he is deciding, and an American encyclopædia may be pardoned for erring once in a while in good company. To this day, not to mention lesser lights, Brockhaus (1902) has *Hérédia*, and so has the almost infallible Garollo ("Dizionario Biografico," 1909), while the last Meyer, though it has discarded the accents in the article "*Heredia*," retains them under the rubric "*Französische Literatur*." And to add to the perplexities of cyclopædia-making, there appears an apparently unquestioned *Hérédia* (the maiden name of Mme. Henri de Régnier) in "*Qui êtes-vous?*" for 1909-1910. But, for all that, if we turn to the works of the poet, we find that Heredia it is, or rather seems to be, for the skeptical lexicographer may be pardoned for thinking that nothing is certain in his special pursuit. Breathes there a man who can positively assert that so recent a celebrity as President Casimir-Perier never spelled his name with an accent over the first e? Here is the "*Grande Encyclopédie*" with only *Periers*, while the "*Nouveau Larousse*" has only *Périers*, though the President, still referred to in a heading as "*Périer* (Jean Casimir)," is taken out of their list and treated, unaccented, under "*Casimir-Perier*." A still more modern man, ex-Premier Clemenceau, appears as *Clémenceau* in the "*Grande Encyclopédie*," as well as in Vapereau's authoritative "*Dictionnaire universel des Contemporains*" (1893) and as *Clemenceau* in *Larousse*. It is only within the last few years that the latter spelling has been generally adopted by newspapers in France and elsewhere.

But there is still some uncertainty concerning the spelling of a more famous name than has as yet been mentioned. Most encyclopædias write *Fénélon* nowadays, but the doubts that preceded the adoption of this spelling for one encyclopædia, at least, are still fresh in the minds of some of us. For what do we find when we turn to some standard editions of "*Télémaque*" or to various important works containing the name of its author, in the Columbia Library? Here is Voltaire's "*Siècle de Louis XIV.*" in the 1785 edition of his complete works, with *Fénélon*; a copy of "*Dialogues sur l'éloquence en général*" has appended a letter "written by the late Fenelon," without any accent on the name, either on the title-page or in the text (the distinction is important); here is an edition of "*Télémaque*," by *Fénélon* (Paris, 1835), and here one by *Fénélon*, 1836, and again *Surenne* gives us an American *Fénélon*, 1856, and so on.

It is, indeed, greatly to be regretted that the French Academy has never spoken its fiat concerning the spelling of the great names that adorn French literature. Though we find in the preface to the last

edition of the "*Dictionnaire de l'Académie Française*" the incidental mention of *Fénélon*, we are warned that the Academy does not concern itself with words pertaining to cyclopædias.

Is it, then, to return to *Heredia*, unreasonable to surmise that the poet, coming to France when very young, at first naturalized his name by accenting it, and afterwards, as a famous writer, dropped the accents? Perhaps one of your learned contributors may throw some light on this subject.

GUSTAV POLLAK.

New York, December 4.

TURNER AND CLAUDE LORRAIN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Permit me to add to your interesting article on "Claude Lorrain, Teacher" (November 4), some hints which may be of service to students of painting and to visitors to the National Gallery in London.

Turner made his great mistake when he willed to the English nation (the National Gallery) his best evening and morning pictures, with the proviso that they should be placed side by side with the best morning and evening pictures of Claude Lorrain owned by the Gallery. The result is an instructive and wholesome lesson in the direction pointed out in your above-mentioned article; and it is of special value to the devotee of the present style of painting for effect, however achieved. Indeed, this style of "however achieved," whether by loading color or by rough canvas or paper, is the least permanent and the least instructive. The true mission of painting is to deceive the eye by careful and true perspective painting, and not by semi-plastic methods, as may be clearly seen by comparing Turner's paintings with those of Claude Lorrain.

While Turner's evening canvas is brilliant in color and manipulation, showing the great colorist, it loses immensely by the immediate proximity of Claude Lorrain's clear, bright sunlight, with its transparency of atmosphere attained by the simplicity and purity of the painter's palette, and by smooth, plain painting. Claude Lorrain's Morning is the morning of southern Europe; it has the cool crispness of the early hours, when the clear outline of the crescent moon shows the recent retreat of night. Turner's Morning shows the dirty grayness of an early, misty English morning. The heavily loaded colors in Turner's paintings have in time assumed the dead cover of dry paints, to which has been added the gray dirt which unavoidably settles on projections. The smoothness of the well-covered canvas of Claude Lorrain and its purity of colors have preserved it from the havoc of time.

EDWARD TAUSSIG.

St. Louis, Mo., December 1.

NAMES IN "THE SOUTHERNER."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I wish to correct a misstatement of fact made by your reviewer of "*The Southerner*," if you will be so kind as to permit me.

He named a number of men and several newspapers in North Carolina which (he said) I had used, under thin disguises, in the story.

This I wish to disclaim, for the book is made up of fiction from beginning to end.

There are only two persons whose characters or careers suggested anything in it, and your reviewer has happened to guess only one of these two, and he is dead. I should much prefer, and I think it is fair to ask, that the gentlemen whom he named should not think that I have been guilty of what I should regard as very bad taste.

It may interest your reviewer to know that the places and some of the persons named in the book are declared by an Alabaman reviewer to be places and men in Alabama; and I am informed by a Texan gentleman that he recognized in the story one character as a well-known man in public life in Texas.

THE AUTHOR OF "THE SOUTHERNER."

New York, December 2.

Literature.

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.—II.

The wisest men in some directions are oftenest the most genial men in others; Charles Perrault, the Rev. Charles Dodgson, and Edouard Laboulaye were all associated in their several lines of thought with learned societies. The last-named was citizen, jurist, and scholar, but is perhaps best remembered, as were also Perrault and "Lewis Carroll," for his imaginative work. A volume of his "*Fairy Tales*" (Dutton), illustrated by Arthur A. Dixon, has been issued, in an artistic Nister edition; with a most sumptuous cover, which such excellent internal wealth deserves. The publishers of the new issue of "*Through the Looking Glass*" (Dodge) have curiously omitted Mr. Dodgson's name from the red, white, and blue cover which, in its loudness, belies the refined humor of this classic.

Mothers will be especially indebted to Alicia Aspinwall for her "*Can You Believe Me Stories*" (Dutton). While these do not all maintain the same high level, the nonsense is, on the whole, of exceptional cleverness. The professional story-teller will find distinctive material in such a piece of fancy as "*The Irrepressible Pie*." On reading "*The Land of Nod*" (Crowell), one is impressed by two facts: Mr. McSpadden has enjoyed the telling and has engaged an artist, Edward L. Chase, whose drawings indicate an equal amount of zest. Mr. McSpadden has also been an excellent student of "Lewis Carroll"; the adventures of Tinkie and Tess, while not as poignant as those of Alice, are rich in the novelty which children like. Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's "*Barty Crusoe* and His Man Saturday" (Moffat, Yard), in excellent type and with line drawings, artistically arranged even though crude, is inferior to most of her recent children's work. It is a continuation of "*The Good Wolf*."

Lured by the name of Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews, we are disappointed to find her story of "*The Enchanted Forest*" (Dutton) rather commonplace in its effort to be uncommon. The different tales contain a large amount of the incongruous, which is forced and imitative. In this type of book, it is not enough that one should scatter throughout the pages such names as the "*Whang-Doodle Pup*," but the art rests in making the fantastic instinct with life.

Dr. Charles Eastman, otherwise known

as "Ohiyesa," has retold, with the aid of Elaine Goodale Eastman, some Sioux tales. The volume is entitled "Wigwam Evenings" (Little, Brown), and is full of the Indian spirit, as well as the Indian manner. E. W. Deming, whose familiarity with Sioux life is as unquestioned as Dr. Eastman's knowledge, has drawn the pictures.

We cannot help feeling that the multiplicity of new fairy tales and folklore only serves to distract attention from the really notable imaginative books of this character. It is partly for this reason that Rackham's "Grimm," as well as "Grimm's Animal Stories" (Duffield) with John Rae's effective pictures, should find a hearty welcome. In passing, G. E. Theodore Roberts's "Flying Plover" (L. C. Page), deserves commendation for its atmosphere, born of close intimacy with life in the Far North.

The Frederick A. Stokes Company has issued "Hänsel and Gretel," adapted from the libretto of Adelheid Witte, and embellished with color plates by M. L. Kirk, which have the distinction of being full of lively imagination and of realistic child humanity. This is the first time, so it is asserted, that any version of this fairy tale has been published in English purporting to follow Humperdinck's opera.

Guides to appreciation are most difficult to write attractively, since the purpose is avowedly didactic. But Dr. Daniel Gregory Mason has, in his "Child's Guide to Music" (Baker & Taylor), discussed most entertainingly the essentials of piano, orchestral, and vocal work, mingling anecdote and history with acute and vivid analysis. A sumptuous volume, "The Children's Book of Art" (Macmillan), contains a cursory survey of the art of all ages, and A. E. and W. Martin Conway, who are the authors, adopt a narrative style; the reproductions are strikingly rich. But we doubt whether this book is as vital in its method as Charles H. Caffin's "A Child's Guide to Pictures" (Baker & Taylor), an ideal course of instruction. Macmillan is also the publisher of "The Children's Book of Gardening," by Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick and Mrs. Paynter.

There is no need of emphasizing the meaning of "What's in a title?" when that title is "Around the World with the Battleships" (McClurg), a "log" story and a sketchy guide all in one. The book is by Roman J. Miller, chief turret captain, U. S. S. Vermont. The text is fragmentary, but none the less full of incident and instruction. James B. Connolly has written a vigorous introductory note. The "make-up" of the book is startlingly gaudy. Franklin Mathews follows his successful "With the Battle Fleet" with a record of the homeward journey, which began July 7, 1908, and ended February 22, 1909. The new volume is entitled "Back to Hampton Roads" (Huebsch), and is full of the acute observation of a very clever newspaper man.

In a survey which is necessarily limited in scope, the variety of fiction can only be suggested; at least, a conservative 60 per cent. of the year's literary output for children consists of this special genre. The series class is as strong as ever, and will sell, despite the disfavor of the librarian. Among these books we believe Marion Ames Taggart's "Six Girls and the Seventh One" (Wilde) is most successful in retaining some of its initial freshness. The

cheerful tone of the character work and the simple introduction of love add distinction to the story. There is a large amount of pleasing vigor in Winifred Kirkland's "Introducing Corinna" (Revell), which is intended for older girls and deals with the trials of a young woman who becomes head of a boarding school, and who is as refreshing as her picture, used as a frontispiece. The plot is defective in places, but the general tone is wholesome.

Another story deserving of special consideration is "When She Came Home from College" (Houghton Mifflin), in which the authors, Marian K. Hurd and Jean B. Wilson, depict the home trials of a college graduate who has ideas as to how the work-a-day world should be run. The book contains humor and distinctive character sketching.

We are never disappointed when we turn to children's books of practical scope. The ingenuity of D. C. Beard shows no abatement in "The Boy Pioneers" (Scribner), which is not a story, though the pages are plentifully scattered with facts about Boone, Crockett, and others of the same character; those boys who have the spirit of pioneers in them are told how to live the lives of pioneers, and that object alone should attract an enthusiastic army of "campers." Joseph H. Adams is the author of another handy volume discussing important machinery and the power that moves it (Harper). The young mechanic will welcome its full descriptions and its tables and definitions.

The experimenter who must exist in every household will find certain delight in T. B. Russell's "Science at Home" (Fenn), which gathers together a number of easy scientific "tricks" readily performed with the aid of home-made devices. The diagrams might have been more carefully reproduced. In Carrie S. Newman's "Kindergarten in the Home" (L. C. Page) the author attempts to train parents in the intricacies of Froebel's gifts. Attempting a narrative style, the book, nevertheless, is a "manual" in spirit, and will no doubt be suggestive, though it is in no way brilliant. In their "Romance Series," the Lippincotts have this year imported Dr. James C. Philip's "Romance of Modern Chemistry," best described in the words of its sub-title: "A description in non-technical language of the diverse and wonderful ways in which chemical forces are at work, and of their manifold application in modern life." The text reads like a narrative.

Of a more strictly entertaining character for young people from four to ten is Elsie Duncan Yale's "When Mother Lets Us Give a Party" (Moffat, Yard), a suggestive little guide which will bring fun to many boys and girls at a loss "what to do" on such occasions. In this same series, Frances Duncan, who edits the Garden Department in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, tells little folks what is best to plant, "When Mother Lets Us Garden." Could the publishers suggest some ways in which fathers might be advised?

Fairyland we enter through the portals of poetry, contained in Alfred Noyes's "Magic Casement" (Dutton), an excellent anthology for old as well as for the "mediumly" young; the compiler analyzes in an attractive manner the wide realm known as the "faery world," whose borders touch the thin

line separating it from "delicate reality." In that realm there are both the spirit of pure fancy and the essence of the heroic which is partly national tradition. In the latter class, we find E. M. Wilmot-Buxton's "Stories of Norse Heroes" (Crowell), told in a direct style with some of the Saga spirit; this is more dignified, even if it is less simple, than John P. Edmison's effort to cover much the same territory in his "Stories from the Norseland" (Penn Pub. Co.).

Kate Stephens's "Stories from Old Chronicles" (Sturgis & Walton Co.) bears evidences of careful planning and in scope is very suggestive; the collection is a commendable introduction to Froissart and other recorders who are too little known these days. To a certain extent Spenser, in the midst of his Allegory, might be regarded as a poetic historian, and so "The Faerie Queen" may be approached as reflective of royalty in England. A. J. Church has retold some of these adventures in a way entertaining to young people (Macmillan), but he has not accomplished his task as distinctively as Lawrence H. Dawson (Crowell), who has been fortunate enough to retain much of the ancient virility and romantic flavor of the original. This edition cannot be passed by without special congratulations to Gertrude Hammond, some of whose color plates are of pleasing richness. The Crowells are likewise to be thanked for their edition of Douglas C. Stedman's "Story of Hereward," which not only may serve as an introduction to Kingsley, but will also prove excellent reading as a chronicle-romance.

Every country has its quota of legend, and each year brings to our desk stories retold, perhaps with the idea that amidst the rush of modern things it is difficult to keep in touch with the original flavor of other ages. H. L. Havell has written a critical introduction for his "Stories from the Iliad" (Dodge Pub. Co.), in which he reveals the sincerity which prompts his task; the text is conscientious and compact in its desire to be faithful. In the same spirit, Elizabeth D. Renninger approaches "The Story of Rustem and Other Persian Hero Tales from Firdusi" (Scribner), with effectively lined and tinted drawings by J. L. S. Williams.

The Century Co. in a series of stories "Retold from *St. Nicholas*" is catering partly to the heroic in all children. This year they have published "Stories of Chivalry," "Stories of Greece and Rome," "Stories of Classic Myths," "Stories of the Ancient World," "Stories of Royal Children," and "Stories of the Middle Ages," a sufficient assortment for every taste.

THE LAST DAYS OF PAPAL ROME.

The Last Days of Papal Rome. 1850-1870. By R. de Cesare. Abridged with the assistance of the Author and Translated by Helen Zimmern. With an Introductory Chapter by G. M. Trevelyan. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$3.50 net.

Dr. Raffaele de Cesare has steadily risen in authority on the later history of the Risorgimento. His first important work, "The End of a Kingdom,"

described the last years of Bomba's reign and the collapse of the Bourbon régime at Naples. His present book, written on a similar plan, tells the story of the last twenty years of Papal Rome. His method is to collect all possible material and then to classify it according to topics. So we have one chapter on the aristocracy, another on theatres and newspapers, a third on the Sacred College, and so on. Much of the evidence has been collected from survivors of this period; some has come from inedited private correspondence; and Dr. De Cesare's own memory, which goes back to 1860, supplies a part.

The rigid historical student may complain that there are few documents, and no chronological narrative; he may ask for authorities, and find no footnotes. But if, on this account, he concludes that the book is not worthy of his serious attention, he will make a great mistake. From the nature of the case, it was impossible for Dr. De Cesare to cite many of his informers by name. The point is, does any special statement seem alien to the men or to the society that he describes? No one who knows those twenty years intimately can doubt that Papal Rome is here drawn to the life. On reflection it will also appear that this method serves well for giving the very heart of a period which had no regular parliamentary development. The Papacy of those decades was like a water-logged vessel drifting towards a cataract: its crew, instead of observing the direction of the current, manned the oars and rowed frantically downstream. If any one kept the log, it has not been published. The historian must trust, therefore, to the testimony of spectators on the banks.

It is these spectators whom Dr. De Cesare has pumped to so good purpose, that, although we have not now, and may never have, the inside history of what went on in the Vatican between 1850 and 1870, we know what is to be known, and we can surmise as to much that has been hidden. Merely on the personal side, his book is notable. Here are portraits of Pio Nono, who was not at all the mild saint that latter-day beatifiers make him out; of Antonelli, who held the rudder and bade the oarsmen row with all their might to perdition; of Mérode, the Belgian fanatic, who beguiled Pius for a time, and was then thrown over by him; of the Duke of Sermoneta, of Prince Alessandro Torlonia, and of many others who played their part, on one side or the other, in those fateful years.

Besides much information about the Papal system of finance—if that may be called a system which had none—of judicial and municipal administration, and about economic and commercial conditions, the reader will find scores of sidelights on the actual life of the various classes. Taken one by one, these

items may not seem important; but their cumulative effect cannot be gainsaid. All the evidence, whether special or general, proves that the Papacy, as a form of secular government, had completely broken down. There was little or no justice in the courts; neither honesty nor dispatch in the bureaux; no check on immorality, lay or clerical, in the capital; no help for agriculture in the provinces; no tolerance; no education. These facts Dr. De Cesare tells without invective, and without even partisan bias. He recognizes that, since they speak for themselves, he does not need to expound or denounce them.

On the growth of Papal intransigence in political and mixed affairs, this book furnishes much information. It shows us how, in 1850, Pius IX returned to Rome an immutable reactionary; how, being in this frame of mind, he became an easy tool for the Jesuits to use; and how they formulated their intransigence in the dogmas of the Immaculate Conception and of Papal Infallibility, and in the Syllabus, which, until Pius X's imitation of it appeared two years ago, was regarded as the *ne plus ultra* of obscurantism. On the political side, we have an informal account of the Piedmontese efforts at negotiation; followed by the Garibaldian expeditions, by the departure and return of the French, and by the downfall of the Papacy on September 20, 1870. In this field should also be classed the methods and attempts of the conspirators, about whom Dr. De Cesare has a good deal to say, and such an episode as the kidnapping of the Jew boy, Mortara, which did more than any other single Papal act to horrify the conscience of the civilized world. The reader needs to be informed that all these matters are treated at much greater length in the original. The condensation has been made with an eye to what is most significant for the English-speaking public; and it has been done well: but the student should consult the two large volumes of the Italian work, for much collateral evidence and for such documents as were available.

The total impression left by Dr. De Cesare is that of comprehensiveness. Papal Rome is all here, inglorious, picturesque, immoral, cynical, moribund—a system which originated amid mediæval conditions, and projected itself through seven decades of the nineteenth century, amid conditions which it could not live in and which it therefore cursed. Through these pages pass and repass the monsignori, the prelates, the Jesuits, the worldly cardinals, the unyielding ecclesiastics, the seeming-genial Pius, handsome in face, soft of hands, but with that capacity for bursts of rage which belongs to very amiable persons when they are thwarted. Here are the artists—the painters, sculptors, and musicians—from all over the world;

here is that cosmopolitan society, easy-going and irresponsible, that no scandal could shock. And here are the patriots, working steadfastly in the shadow of the gallows, or, as at Perugia and in the Romagna, coming into the open to face death in actual combat. The French garrison in Rome, the Austrians in the Legations, add to the paradoxes with which these years are strewn.

It is well that so true a book, written so attractively, should be read by American Catholics, who have been taught, by the recrudescence of Ultramontanist which prevails just now among the American hierarchy, that the Rome of Papal times was a sort of Paradise, where virtue and piety held unbroken sway in all hearts. In Dr. De Cesare's unvarnished tale, they will come to understand what that Temporal Power was, the recovery of which is no more seriously thought of in Italy than is the restoration of the British sovereign in New York. It is twenty years since Cardinal Hohenlohe wrote the memorable letter to Leo XIII in which he said: "God has so ordained that the Church can never again get back her temporal power. The salvation of souls requires that we resign ourselves to this fact, that we keep quietly within the ecclesiastical sphere, and perform charity by giving of our substance and by teaching the faithful."

But in fairness, we must repeat that Dr. De Cesare (who is, we believe, a Catholic) is never polemical; his skill lies in unfolding a series of moving pictures in which the reader sees for himself what was going on. To those who study the history of institutions dispassionately, as the naturalist studies the evolution of species, this panorama of the decrepitude and dissolution of the Papal institution may be recommended. Nero fiddled when Rome was burning. This is what Pius IX did on September 20, 1870, when the Italians were entering the Eternal City:

At half-past ten the diplomatic corps left the Vatican. After their departure the Pope resumed his easy good humor, and seating himself at his writing-table, composed, in all tranquillity, a charade in three verses upon the word *tremare* (to tremble). One of his chief amusements was the composition of charades, which he thought of easily, and which were not difficult to guess. The "whole" of the charade of September 20 represented a weakness he did not feel in that moment. The charade was passed from hand to hand among the monsignori of the court.

Il tre non oltrepassa il mio primiero,
È l'altro molto vasto e molto infido
Che spesso spesso fa provar l'intero.

Significant episodes of this kind, scattered plentifully throughout Dr. De Cesare's volume, make it not only very entertaining, but historically valuable. Occasionally, he stops for a moment to pass judgment. How profound he can be appears in the following summing up of the effect of the Roman environment on Italian political progress:

Rome has carried even into national life her keen and characteristic skepticism, before which the strongest impetus dies down, and the most rooted convictions yield to the temptations of opportunism, and, still more, to that law of adaptability before which the city, at all times, has bowed, and caused its conquerors to bow.

There is the text for a volume in those last two lines.

The translation has been well done by the practised hand of Miss Helen Zimmern; G. M. Trevelyan contributes a brief historical preface; and among the illustrations are portraits of Pius IX, Sermoneta, Mortara, Mérode, Antonelli, Lamoricière, Cardinal Altieri, and Prince Doria Panfili.

CURRENT FICTION.

Priscilla of The Good Intent. By Halliwell Sutcliffe. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

This "Romance of the Gray Fells" has all that goes to make up an English rural novel: vast abundance of scenery, of dialect, of agriculture; a blacksmith's forge; a village "natural"; yeoman and shepherd; wild-rose maiden and moorland gypsy; faithful dullard and flighty woman-enslaver; the black fever, and many times four seasons—the whole lavishly decorated with bird, beast, and flower. The usual order of things, however, suffers reversal, in that it is the butterfly who undergoes regeneration, the hare who wins the race from the tortoise. The rustic folk of this book are endued with vigorous reality. One who reads may feel at moments an inclination to run swiftly up and down the landscape, yet the pastoral setting has charm and significance, the story holds interest in suspense to the last, and the tone never swerves from its high pitch.

Posson Jone' and Père Raphaël. With a New Word Setting Forth How and Why the Two Tales Are One. By George W. Cable. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.

With respectful sympathy one reads Mr. Cable's newly inscribed introduction to his Creole stories of Parson Jones, the Parson's "Colossus," Jules, Jules's Baptiste, the sweethearts of these last, the Judge, 'Sieur Davezac, *et al.* One easily agrees that to print these two familiar tales together "is a requirement of their veritable unity, their essential oneness, a genuine love-match, made in heaven, as lovers say, and bred of an affinity back of all time."

These admirable fragments of romance, finely colored throughout, albeit not pellucid, make a brave showing in their new holiday dress, gayly illustrated by Stanley M. Arthurs. One is glad to renew his friendship with Jules St. Anges, "that elegant little heathen"; with the delicious Creole maiden whom

he loves and who loves him no less; with Abby's sugar-country bridegroom, in buckskin breeches above exquisite top-boots, "and a fawn-skin vest under his voluminous coat, giving an effect half-pioneer, half-Incroyable." Creole New Orleans has all but passed away, and even in the New Orleans of Jules St. Ange such a get-up as that of M. Dimitry Davezac, from the sugar-country, "was odd," confesses Mr. Cable. With the passing of an old-time provincialism, much needed in our monotonous land of literary prairie, departs a fine subject-matter for artist, literary or pictorial. Mr. Cable has worked in that field, and his delicately rendered studies and sketches we are proud to garner. Even our dislike of dialect—a relative dislike, after all—does not deter us from tasting his conversations with real pleasure.

Aunt Amity's Silver Wedding, and Other Stories. By Ruth McEnery Stuart. New York: The Century Company.

Interest never sleeps in Mrs. Stuart's stories. Each one furnishes an addition to the reader's circle of friends or cabinet of curios. The characters play their parts with such lively plausibility that one thinks of them as photographs and of the stories as folk-lore. In so doing, there may be an injustice to the author's powers of invention. She may have largely created her queer folk and the likenesses may be "hand-painted." If so, it is an historical imagination that has conceived them on lines truer than those of mere facts. Mrs. Stuart reads deep into the African nature. She sits at home within; she looks with her subjects' eyes and feels with their own feelings both their joys and hurts. And, more than that, she conveys a sense of pain in the laugh, which is the real note of the situation. Aunt Amity, planning her droll silver wedding, "Petty Larceny's" thieving little sweetheart, lying Levi, lawless "Free Jane"—each raises an inevitable laugh, but it is a laugh with a sigh at its centre, and a question point at its end. No writer better blends the contraries into an impression which sinks deep without for an instant calling itself a lesson.

The Wiving of Lance Cleaverage. By Alice MacGowan. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

To the highlands of Tennessee this story takes us, and under competent guidance. Back and forth through the Cumberlands and up and down Big and Little Turkey Track Mountains go we from cabin door to mountain cave, through woods and farm-lands to weddings, infares, and sorghum-makings. We form varied acquaintance with the mountain people and find them courteous yet austere folk.

The difficulties that beset Lance and

Callista before they reached a happy married haven are of general human interest, but in the case of the hero, take on especial coloring from his temperament—which is distinctly a Tennessee mountain product. A mere Southerner might have been as gayly debonaire, but hardly as dreamy a cloud-dweller. A Yankee might have been as flagrantly self-assured, but he would have been insufferable where the mountaineer's airy insolence only drew to him all men, women, and children.

With Callista it is otherwise. Hers is the case of many a spoiled beauty who does not know how to cook. Her regeneration by fire—the kitchen fire—is of no geographic significance; and her second desertion of her post seems more a means to prolong the story than an inevitable step. There are most excellent character portrayals all along the way, one of the prominent actors being a marvellous "gospel quilt."

Debit and Credit. By Gustav Freytag. Translated by L. C. Cummings. With a Preface by Chevalier Christian C. J. Bunsen. New York: William Abbott.

This is not a new translation of Freytag's masterpiece, but a reprint of the original English version, first issued half a century ago, and still in no need of supersession. "Soll und Haben," published in 1855, was the most popular German novel of its day, and the English translation, though sold at 15 shillings, ran through six editions in two years. Its success was due in large part to its timeliness. It celebrated the emergence of the mercantile classes from a position of inferiority to one of influence and dignity in social and political life. Elsewhere, as in "Dombey and Son," published some years earlier, the note had been heard; but Freytag sounded it with an aggressiveness which caught the ear of Europe.

To the present translation, issued in 1857 by Constable, a long letter by the Chevalier Bunsen was prefixed. This is reproduced in the present edition. Bunsen warmly eulogizes the novel, and claims for it an epical quality which, he says, belongs to all romances of the first order. But it has also, he contends, a prophetic function: it conditions the future progress of Europe upon the fusion of the educated classes, their "just and Christian bearing" toward the working masses, and the final dominance of "the educated middle classes of all nations," not as constituting a democracy, but as advancing "along the legal path to a perfect constitutional monarchy." It is doubtful if we so clearly foresee the changes of the coming half-century. Certainly Freytag's story has a vitality unlikely to be recognized fifty years hence in the prophetic writings of Jack London, H. G. Wells, *et al.*

TWO NAPOLEON BOOKS.

The Exile of St. Helena: The Last Phase in Fact and Fiction. From the French of Philippe Gonnard. Illustrated. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. \$3.50 net.

Napoleon's Marshals. By R. P. Dunn-Pattison, M.A. With twenty illustrations. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$3 net.

Napoleon showed his usual insight when he remarked to O'Meara: "People are curious to know the most trifling circumstances in the life of a man who has played a great part." The details of his life at St. Helena, his conversations, and supreme regrets, his *Passion* (as Heine would have said) under Sir Hudson Lowe, have all been set forth for eager readers in Napoleon's own memoirs and in the memorials of his fellow-exiles. They have also been told ponderously by Forsyth and charmingly by Lord Rosebery. M. Gonnard has been wise in refraining from trying to give another general picture of Napoleon as he was at St. Helena. Instead, he studies what Napoleon desired France to think he had been—in other words, the Napoleonic Legend. By legend we do not mean merely the popular exaggeration of his military glory, of his love for his soldiers, or of his part in the Civil Code. This exaggeration was inevitable, but, unless reinforced, would never have deeply influenced French politics.

The real Napoleonic Legend, so M. Gonnard thinks, was manufactured at St. Helena. By his very martyrdom on the lonely rock, Napoleon knew that he would arouse sympathy for himself and for the cause of his son. But by his writings he saw that he could do much more. So he began his memoirs. His method of work was to have one of his companions collect the facts, figures, dates, etc., for a certain period, and arrange them. Then Napoleon looked over these notes, saturated himself with his subject, and dictated very rapidly a chapter or the fragment of a chapter. This was only the first rough draft. From it there was made the next day a second version: fuller, riper, better arranged. This in turn was often many times corrected and altered by pencilings in Napoleon's own hand before it was given to Europe. With great industry and ingenuity, M. Gonnard has analyzed all these writings, as well as the memorials of Las Cases, Montholon, O'Meara, and the others, and finds a calculated purpose to establish in men's minds the following ideas in regard to Napoleon: that he was the convinced and disinterested representative of the ideas of 1789, but was forced by sheer necessity to assume dictatorial power; that he favored the idea of nationality; that he believed in God; that he wished for peace, but was constantly forced into war by the European coalitions;

that all the members of his family were unusually talented and fond of him, but did him much harm through well-meaning errors. Such are some of the elements of the Legend. To each the author devotes a chapter, fortifying his opinion with countless quotations, and explaining away St. Helena utterances which seem in contradiction to the Legend. His conclusion is that the man of St. Helena equalled the man of Austerlitz. The Legend then passed to Europe, where it was powerfully swelled by Thiers and Norvins, by Béranger and Victor Hugo, and helped to seat a second Cæsar in the saddle. Yet it was one of the strange ironies of history that the crown which had been so patiently prepared by the captive of St. Helena for his own son was actually worn by the son of his hostile brother Louis. The great value of M. Gonnard's interesting study lies in the thoroughness with which he has analyzed the St. Helena literature and shown its relation to the later history of the Bonapartist party. One understands better how such a Roman Catholic as Montalembert could join hands with the Bonapartists in 1848, and how Napoleon III could say at Bordeaux: "The Empire means peace." The author's estimates of Gourgand and Las Cases are much truer than Lord Rosebery's, and his bibliography much better than that in the Cambridge Modern History or that in the pretentious compilation of Kircheisen.

When Napoleon assumed the crown he revived the old title of Marshal of France as a means of binding more permanently to his cause the men whose swords had helped to establish his power. In the first batch of appointments he gave the baton to fourteen men, some of whom seemed scarcely to deserve it, and some of whom, on the other hand, like Masséna, felt it small honor to be "only one of fourteen." Later on, a dozen other marshals were created. Napoleon made them all feel plainly that they were his servants, created by him, and dependent on him. The title of marshal was merely a civil distinction "which gives you the honorable rank at my court which is your due, but it carries with it no authority. On the battlefield you are generals; at court you are nobles." Of each of these marshals Mr. Dunn-Pattison, late lieutenant of a Highland regiment and sometime lecturer at Magdalen College, has given brief, sharply-lined pen portraits, with many judicious military observations, showing independence of thought and no more than normal British prejudice. But it is a bit tiresome to march through all the Napoleonic wars twenty-six times in succession. To those readers who have small knowledge of Napoleonic military history many of the allusions and comparisons will lose their point; and those who know this period well will find here little that is really new.

Kashmir. Described by Francis E. Younghusband and Painted by Edward Molyneux. London: Adam and Charles Black; New York: The Macmillan Co. \$6 net.

In this book the series of geographical volumes aptly described by the publishers as "Black's Beautiful Books," reaches what may be described as Himalayan heights of excellence. Here are exquisite colored pictures of the most beautiful country in the world, supplemented by a verbal description of Kashmir which includes the latest geological and historical data. The specialist will find here the gist of Stein's work and of the still more recent geological treatises of Burrard and Hayden, not mentioned only but discussed. Sir Francis Younghusband is himself no mean authority on the subjects he treats, though, curiously enough, for any save the most superficial reader the volume is logically to be read backwards. It ends with the beginning of things, some millions of years ago; then, retrograding through the pages, one comes to human history; until, finally, at the beginning, the author himself appears, and wanders through the "paradise of the gods."

The author is least at home in the historical background of his subject. Here one misses the little touches that show special knowledge. Thus it would not have been amiss, apropos of the bare allusion to saffron, to mention that in ancient days the saffron of Kashmir surpassed that of Balkh as much as the latter surpassed that of Persia. Again, in the author's justified sneer at a people capable of making a reputation only by making shawls, it might have been noticed that it was not shawls, but race-horses and literature, which made Kashmir famous two thousand years ago. To digress only for a moment—since these fourteen chapters have not been made a mere excuse for paint, but offer, to say the least, a useful condensation of data not easily to be obtained elsewhere—it is to be noted that Major Molyneux's pictures, seventy in number, are on a par with those of precedent works in this series. This is, indeed, saying too little. The scenery of Kashmir is unsurpassed, and the present artist has been equal to his opportunities. But, because of the obvious attractiveness of the illustrations, the text should receive no whit the less encomium. And a curious fact, often noticed before and corroborated by Sir Francis in this book, may be mentioned as a possible subject for examination at the hands of competent observers. Living as he does amid scenery sublime as well as beautiful, man in this "Land of the Sun" is the greatest coward on earth. Nothing is too ignominious for him; even in the presence of his wife or sweetheart the Kashmiran will burst out crying at the mere bark of a puppy. To make a sol-

dier of him is impossible. Though often a fine figure personally, he is unexcelled in shameless pusillanimity. This cannot be attributed to the effects of the religion of Buddha, since the Kashmiran has been free of that for a thousand years; nor to cruel treatment, for the Hindu of the Plains has suffered as much; nor to the climate, which is not very bad. Why is it (Sir Francis offers no explanation) that where every prospect pleases most, man is most vile? As for the Kashmiran's ethics, he is humane and kindly; but where morality demands courage, he is as he is, "having so great a respect for truth that he is unwilling to make common use of it."

Relics and Memorials of London City.

By James S. Ogilvy. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$7 net.

The Private Palaces of London, Past and Present. By E. Beresford Chancellor. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. \$5 net.

Mr. Ogilvy's work has one advantage over most ornamental books, in that text and pictures, being from one hand, have a real relation to each other. All the buildings of the City chosen by him for illustration and comment were standing when the present century began, yet, as he remarks, a considerable number of them have already been pulled down or altered, so that in a few years his book will not be so much a present record of the past as a past record of a greater past. In general, the anecdotes or fragments of history given by the author to vivify his memorial buildings are pretty obvious, but that, for his purpose, is scarcely to their disadvantage. The pictures, sixty-four in number, are full-page (quarto) color plates, and are sufficiently realistic to recall the actual scenes to any one familiar with the City streets and lanes. They are artistic, too, save that they suffer, as do almost all color prints, from too elaborate shading and blending. As the process of printing now stands, the attempt to reproduce complicated shades and blends generally results in muddiness. This criticism, however, is directed more to a whole class of books than to the particular volume under review. Mr. Ogilvy has succeeded in making an attractive combination of description and illustration.

Mr. Chancellor writes not as a diletante of the picturesque, but as a veritable antiquary, and his latest book on "The Private Palaces of London" is a work substantial both in form and matter. His accounts of the various houses are orderly bits of historical writing, although the lighter entertainment of anecdote is by no means neglected. Between the lines one can read of the great pageantry and the great ambitions of life for more than two centur-

ies. The old Duchess, lying in Marlborough House and exclaiming, when told that she must be blistered or die, "I won't be blistered and I won't die," seems but a tragic and articulate symbol of that greatness. In one point of taste we take leave to differ from Mr. Chancellor. Speaking of the changes that have been made in the drawing room of Chesterfield House since its stately decorum under the great Lord Chesterfield, he remarks:

What has since been added by the care and discrimination of the present owner gives just that touch of comfort and homeliness which is more characteristic of our day than it was of those of the earlier Georges, when the great ones of the earth seem always to have existed *en grande tenue*. . . . Now the magnificently decorated walls and ceiling look not down on an almost empty room, with chairs and settees set formally against the walls, and perhaps a solitary escritoire or commode standing isolated in its vast expanse, but on a room filled with rare French furniture; tables loaded with costly bric-à-brac; chairs covered in valuable tapestries, which seem to invite familiar intercourse; cabinets filled, etc., etc.

With due respect we submit that a glance at the picture of this overloaded drawing room makes one sigh for a simplicity that inclined even to rigidity; not in this china-shop can the true graces of conversation ever flourish. As for mere comfort, the great Chesterfield sought that and but for failing health found it in the library with its famous motto and pictures.

The forty-four photographic illustrations of Mr. Chancellor's volume are, for the still existing houses, chiefly of interiors. That is no doubt right, as the interiors are hidden from the common sight-seer; yet he would have added to the interest of his work if he had given more views of exteriors also.

Drei Jahrhunderte deutschen Lebens in Amerika. Von Rudolf Cronau. Berlin: Dietrich Reimer (Ernst Vohsen).

Undeterred by the recent publication of Georg von Bosse's "Das deutsche Element in den Vereinigten Staaten," and inspired, very likely, by his own "Amerika: die Geschichte seiner Entdeckung," Rudolf Cronau has undertaken, in a large octavo of 640 pages, to sketch the fortunes and misfortunes, the endeavors and accomplishments, of Germans in the United States during the past three hundred years. With more system and with far more thoroughness than Von Bosse, he divides his work into two main parts, the first tracing "the Germans" in America during the Colonial period, the second following "the German-Americans" in their participation in the development of the Union. Since 1885, a resident in and traveller through the United States, and the author of several works in German

and English on America, even including a severe criticism of forest mismanagement ("Our Wasteful Nation," 1908), Cronau comes to his work fairly equipped and evidences an intelligent understanding of most of the problems before him. There are interesting notes on the first *Flugblätter* regarding America which drew the earliest Germans to us, and equally interesting information, not so commonly possessed, about Hermann of Virginia and New Amsterdam, "the first German to make American maps," and about Lederer, the first German explorer of America. There are also chapters on the various communal sects, such as the Mennonites, Tunkers, and Herrnhuters, and on the exodus to Pennsylvania and elsewhere of the natives of the Pfalz. In rather strong colors, perhaps, he portrays the Germans who fought in the Revolution and whose bravery and intelligence have long been recognized by American historians. The political exiles of '48, and the good they brought to our country are recognized, Carl Schurz standing conspicuously, almost alone, in the chapter on the German in American political life. Two hundred and twenty-nine pages are devoted to the part taken by Germans in American culture—to their influence on schools, agriculture and forestry, industry, commerce, engineering, journalism and authorship, medicine, music, painting, sculpture, architecture, and the theatre. In the discussion of the *Turnverein* much is claimed that should not be forgotten by Americans, but too little is allowed by the author to the overpowering influence of English sport on physical culture in America. The Sources for a History of the German Elements in the United States should prove to be a chapter of particular value—timely, too, now that Professor Learned is at work for the Carnegie Foundation on an exhaustive research along the same lines. Two hundred and ten exceptionally good illustrations, from photographs and drawings, make the work the best of its kind yet produced.

The shortcomings of the book are emphasized by its general excellence. There is, we think, a little too much attention in text and illustration on the commercial aspect of German successes, and for a true history of the German in the New World, there should be a boid statement, here and there, of *misdoing* on the part of an occasional Altgeld, Schmidt, and Hummel, if for no other reason than as a salutary correction of the idea all too prevalent in Germany that the German element has always been the best in America. The most serious defect in the volume, however, is the omission of notable names. Among those conspicuous by their absence, are Dr. Frederick W. Holls; Isaac Thomas Hecker, the Paulist Father of Brook Farm celebrity; Lenau, the poet, who roved the Western plains; the Tafeis,

and Dr. Gescheidt of New York; Dr. Julius, of Hamburg, the traveller and translator of Ticknor; and Von Schlagintweit, the explorer of the Pacific Coast. Much is said of Busch, the St. Louis brewer, but nothing of Louis Soldan, the head of the city schools. The accomplished Fräulein von Wenckebach of Wellesley receives due credit, but there is no mention of her accomplished colleague, Fräulein Müller. These names come to the reviewer almost instantly, and arouse the suspicion that the total number of omissions may be very great. And this suggests the question: Now that several attempts have recently been made by private individuals, and at much expense, to write and publish the history of the Germans in America, and always with imperfect success, is it not time that representative German societies should combine, once and for all, to undertake an official record covering this ground? Only by such a thorough investigation, scarcely to be expected from a private author or publisher, can we hope ever to have a full and satisfactory history of German life and culture in America.

Notes.

Frederick A. Stokes Co. announce for early publication "The Child's English Literature," by H. E. Marshall, a book written primarily not for use in the schools, but for home reading. An attempt has been made to bring within the ken of children something of the actual relation between history and literature.

On December 28 the University of Chicago Press will issue "The Treatment of Nature in English Poetry," by Myra Reynolds. Not confining herself narrowly to the subject suggested by her title, Professor Reynolds will include in the book a chapter dealing with the art of landscape and with landscape in English portraiture.

J. M. Barrie wrote for the *Westminster Gazette*, last May, an article on George Meredith, which, among the many essays inspired by the novelist's death, is one of the very few worthy of preservation. The Chiswick Press is to reprint Mr. Barrie's article on hand-made paper, and the booklet will be published by the Messrs. Constable (London).

The Constables are, too, the publishers of the anthology announced long since, "In Praise of Oxford." The volume will be published early in 1910, and is the result of collaboration by Thomas Seccombe and Spencer Scott.

To the Arthur H. Clark Company, Cleveland, we look for the new and first-published biography of Timothy Flint: pioneer, missionary, author (1780-1840). The book is by Prof. J. B. Kirkpatrick of Washburn College, Topeka, who has, it is said, brought to light a great deal of new material of more than purely personal significance.

W. Dawson Johnston, librarian of Columbia University, is preparing for the United

States Bureau of Education a report on special collections in libraries in the United States. The publication is to be a record of all collections in public libraries which are of extraordinary value by reason either of unusual completeness or rarity.

Eight volumes of verse in one week is a publishing record, or very near one; and is scored by Richard G. Badger of Boston. The list includes W. H. Venable's "Floridian Sonnets"; O. C. Auringer's "Death of Maid McCrea"; "The Oak Amongst the Pines," by J. D. Henderson; Ernest Powell's "Poems"; T. C. Whitmer's "Symbolisms"; Effie Smith's "Rosemary and Pansies"; Wilson Jefferson's "Verses," and "The Silver Lining," by Nelson Glazier Morton.

Madison C. Bates is preparing a bibliographical study of the poet Cowper, and would be glad to receive communications from collectors and students of the material. He may be addressed at No. 457 West One Hundred and Twenty-third Street, New York city.

At once the poorest thing and the "best thing" in the volume of "Milton Memorial Lectures, 1908: Read Before the Royal Society of Literature" (Frowde) is the lecture by the Rev. H. G. Rosedale, D.D., upon Milton's religion and polemics. We prefer to consider Dr. Rosedale's offering rather than the paper by William Henry Hadow on Milton's knowledge of music, Professor Saintsbury's on "Milton and the Grand Style," or Professor Dowden's on "Paradise Regained." For even the best of these is merely a collection of "remarks"; and the whole book is ludicrously inadequate to its occasion. What will most interest the student of Milton is, however, likely to be Dr. Rosedale's cool assumption of the poet's authorship of the "Nova Solyma" (p. 123); or his reference to Nathan Drake—b. 1766; d. 1836—as a writer of Milton's period (p. 133); or his allusion (p. 131) to Savonarola as having lived about the year 1545; or his casual grouping (p. 118) of "Spenser, Giles, and Fletcher." We pass over errors in his Englishing of foreign tongues; perhaps we should not expose, either, his quotation (p. 160) of Milton's Latin preface to "Samson Agonistes": "Tragedia est imitatio actionis seriæ, etc., per misericordiam et metum perficiens talium affectuum lustrationem," as original with Milton, obviously unaware that it is a literal translation from Aristotle's "Poetics." Though in these few sentences the tale of Dr. Rosedale's blunders is by no means exhausted, his qualifications for treating the subject undertaken are, perhaps, sufficiently suggested. This volume is worth preservation, however; it contains reproductions of four excellent portraits.

In "Romantic Germany" (Century Co.) Robert Haven Schauffler fights constantly against the dullness that pervades so many modern books of travel, but not quite victoriously. Again and again he endeavors to bring his own personality into his descriptions, yet somehow that personality melts vaguely away like the "Eitel Schaum" of Heine's poem. Perhaps no writer, whatever the charm of his style, could manage gracefully the mass of material which Mr. Schauffler has brought into his book. Twelve ancient and opulent cities the writer has chosen, from Danzig to Rothenburg, from

Berlin to Hildesheim, and for each he tries to be, literally, guide, philosopher, and friend. The guide repeatedly overwhelms the friendly philosopher, and the author's impression is lost under the many names of streets and buildings. It has been said that one influence of Stevenson was to make even the suburban journalist write with something like ease. Perhaps another of Stevenson's influences was to infuse clearness and charm into books of travel. Mr. Schauffler, though undoubtedly a Stevensonian and nice in his choice of words, leaves everywhere a blurred impression, as if he had been unable to escape the proverbial heaviness of the land he studied. Sixty-four full-page illustrations by a number of artists embellish this volume, and typographically it leaves nothing to be desired.

There is a good deal of keen and thoughtful criticism in Alexander Francis's "Americans: An Impression" (Appleton). The author, a Scotchman long resident in Russia, and approaching his task with a generous cosmopolitan detachment, seems to have given most of his one year in this country to a study of such social questions as foreign immigration and race feeling, the work of university settlements, and higher education. While in all these matters he is confident that we shall come out right in the end, he finds in our politics an ominous trend towards an "elective despotism"; though his view of Taft's election, "as a guarantee that the cure of the evils of democracy will be sought in more, not less, democracy," plainly belongs to the period before the enactment of the Payne-Aldrich tariff. Of a socialistic overturning, however, he has no fear, partly because Socialism means so many different things to the people who use the term, and partly because incoming foreigners show rapid assimilation of American ways, including the deliberate restriction of families. There is special praise for the Jews, in whose intellectual superiority Mr. Francis seems heartily to believe; and he constantly recurs to the evidences of their gain in commercial, educational, and philanthropic influence. Yet he recognizes the tendency of Jews of the second generation to depart from their historic religion without embracing another; and sees in this tendency a moral problem with which the leaders of the race cannot too soon concern themselves. Over American colleges and universities he is not enthusiastic, though his strictures are directed chiefly to fraternities and clubs, athletics, coeducation, and the pervadingly secular atmosphere. To have written a book of "impressions" without mentioning hotels, or railway trains, or young women's manners, is in itself a feat; but this, also, Mr. Francis has done, and to the immense advantage of his suggestive pages.

The Riverside Press has printed for the Essex Book and Print Club of Salem, Mass., a small edition of the "New-Englands Plantation with The Sea Journal and Other Writings," by the Rev. Francis Higginson, "First Minister of the Plantation at Salem in the Massachusetts Bay Colony." The tract called "New-Englands Plantation," published in London early in 1630, has not been reprinted since 1846, and contains the earliest printed account of the colony established by Endecott in 1628. at Neihum-

kek, now Salem. A quaint statement of the natural conditions surrounding the new settlement is also preserved, the narrative presenting, in the phrase of the original, "a short and true description of the commodities and discommodities of that country." The tract and its title-pages are reproduced here in facsimile of the *editio princeps*; too much cannot be said of the excellent presswork and paper which go to make this volume, the first of the Essex Book and Print Club's publications, a reprint which the collector of Americana will have every wish to own.

In the preface to the English edition of his "Life of Joan of Arc" (John Lane) Anatole France had an opportunity to reply to his critics, and chiefly to Andrew Lang. The amazing softness of M. France's answer has not dissipated Mr. Lang's wrath: "My English critics have a special claim to my gratitude. To the memory of Joan of Arc they consecrate a pious zeal which is almost an expiatory worship. Mr. Andrew Lang's praiseworthy scruples with regard to my references have caused me to correct some and to add several." The corrections have not been applied to the apparently baseless charges that the Maid was subject at Vaucouleurs to "les outrages de la garnison," that she feigned ecstasy to deceive the King, and that her squire d'Aulon was a creature of La Trémoille, though a qualification is made in a note on the last matter which destroys the meaning of the text. The purely clerical errors have been corrected, but such slight changes and additions as have been noted show that M. France is of the same opinion still. The translator, Winifred Stephens, has done her work well, though this book gave her an exceptionally difficult task. The great charm exercised by the original depended largely on the purely technical skill with which M. France developed a style to suit his purpose, a style partly archaic and naïve, but never labored. The English version imitates this manner pleasantly enough, but uses as a means a somewhat wearisome parataxis. The book contains some excellent illustrations, which were not included in the French edition.

"The Last Journals of Horace Walpole, During the Reign of George III, from 1771-1783," were first given to the world, in 1858, by Dr. J. Doran, with notes after the manner of that popular editor and collector of literary anecdotes. A new edition in two agreeable volumes is now put out by John Lane Co., with an introduction and some revision by A. Francis Steuart. These journals are a continuation of Walpole's "Memoirs of the Reign of George III"; and, if they lack the general finish and, above all, the clean-cut portrait-characterizations of the memoirs, they have interest of another sort to compensate. The central theme is the marriage of the Duke of Gloucester, brother of the King, with Lady Marion Waldegrave, Walpole's niece, and the struggle to get the marriage acknowledged by the court. There is also a running account of Parliamentary doings during those stirring years, which include the American war and the successful contest with the court party. The present edition contains a number of portraits reproduced from contemporary pictures.

The Manorial Society of London has issued as its fifth publication the text of a

manuscript found in the Harleian collection in the British Museum entitled "A Mannor and Court Baron." The work is edited by the antiquarian, Nathaniel J. Hone, and a preface has been written by J. Samuel Green, a barrister member of the society. It is a legal treatise dealing chiefly with the functions and procedure of the Court Baron, and is of date probably not later than the reign of Elizabeth. It is couched in technical phraseology intelligible only to an expert in legal terms, and is written in a style that is often uncouth and confused. We cannot see that it adds anything to our knowledge of the history or constitution of the Court Baron, and it seems to be of little worth either to the lawyer or to the historian. The editors have done nothing to lighten the darkness of the text, for Mr. Hone has contented himself with securing an accurate reading, and Mr. Green with contributing a meagre and elementary essay on the manor in law and history. The treatise is sufficiently obscure to render commentary and footnotes eminently desirable, but neither has been furnished by the society.

The fifth volume of "The New Schaff-Herzog Encyclopædia of Religious Knowledge," to be completed in twelve volumes, follows its predecessor after an interval of three months. (New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co.) Articles from "Saint Goar" to "Innocent" are found in the present issue. None of the contributions is lengthy or exhaustive, but most of them are adequate for a book of convenient reference, and the work as a whole is marked by sound scholarship. In the present volume Prof. George H. Gilmore adds to his former valuable contributions, articles on "Hammurabi and his Code," "Herod and his Family," and "The Hittites." Of exceptional interest are articles by Prof. Immanuel Benzinger on "Hebrew Handicrafts" and "Hunting among the Hebrews." The topics in the department of doctrinal theology, assigned to Prof. Charles A. Beckwith, are well treated, in striking contrast to the mediævalism exhibited by Prof. B. B. Warfield in his discussion of "Imputation." It is unfortunate that a moderate and cautious description of the historical view of the "Hexateuch," by Prof. Hermann L. Strack, should be followed in the same article, without adequate warning of an entire change in the point of view, by a reactionary defence of the abandoned positions by Prof. J. D. Davis. Since the bibliographies in this encyclopædia are usually excellent, it is surprising to find no mention of Prof. George H. Palmer's edition of George Herbert in the title bearing his name, and no indication of the English translation of Prof. Wilhelm Herrmann's "Der Verkehr des Christen mit Gott," a work which has had wide circulation in its English form. On page 463 mention is intended of the Rev. Dr. S. D. McConnell's term "immortality," but the word is printed "immortality."

Albert M. Martinez, sometime Under-Secretary of State at the Ministry of Finance of the Argentine Republic, and Maurice Lewandowski, doctor in law, are the authors of the study of "L'Argentine au XXe siècle," which is now issued in its third and very much enlarged edition (Paris: Colin). The volume contains an economic

examination of Argentina as a great exporter of wheat, and has an introduction by Charles Pellegrini, former President of the republic, and a preface by Emile Levasseur, member of the French Institute. In this series are volumes on "Le Brésil au XXe siècle," by Pierre Denis, and on "Les Etats-Unis au XXe siècle," by Pierre Le Roy-Beaulieu.

Prof. Erich Schmidt's address on "The Study of Literary Personality," delivered on October 15 at the occasion of his officially assuming the Rektorat of Berlin University for the current academic year, is a confession of faith which literary historians of whatever creed will gladly welcome. His protest against the "exhaustiveness of rubbish gathering," which pseudo-philologists so often have mistaken for scientific accuracy, is most refreshing. His appreciation of Taine's method of literary analysis according to the three principles of race, *milieu*, and age, is a timely rebuke administered to the recent sensational detractors of the scholarly reputation of the great French critic. And Erich Schmidt's own summing up of the literary personality under the three heads of "das Ererbte, das Erlebte, das Erlernte," is a remarkably liberal and fair-minded application of maxims forcibly preached, if not always wisely practised, by his master, Wilhelm Scherer. Altogether, this address gives assurance—if there were need of it—that the new rector magnificus will conduct the coming jubilee of Berlin University in a spirit worthy of the great traditions of German scholarship.

Dr. Wiegand, head of one of the departments of the Royal Museum in Berlin, has entered into a compact with the Prince of Samos, according to which the Royal Museum will for ten years enjoy the privilege of making archaeological investigations in the island of Samos. The expenses will be borne by wealthy art enthusiasts. Dr. Max Oelhäuser has already contributed the sum of 20,000 marks for the purpose of laying bare the heracleion.

Strange enough, when one recalls how Scherer, in edition after edition of his "Geschichte der deutschen Literatur" suggested more search for antecedents in Goethe's prose, no one seems previously to have accomplished what Eugen Wolff, the Kiel Shakespearean, now presents in his substantial volume modestly entitled "Mignon: a Contribution to the History of 'Wilhelm Meister.'" (Munich: C. H. Beck'sche Verlagsbuchhandlung.) Something had been known of a real forerunner of the little maiden who won Goethe's heart, supposedly on the mountain pass leading into fruitful Italian valleys; but Professor Wolff was first to follow her footsteps through Cassel and Frankfurt as she played her part—for all we know, before Goethe's very house—and to learn her real name: Elizabeth Schmeling-Mara. It was Professor Wolff's good fortune, also, aided by the Leipzig Museum and by his publisher, to get together a sketch of Elizabeth, and an oil portrait of Karl Philipp Moritz, Meister's Doppelgänger.

The Nobel prizes will be distributed this year as follows: For chemistry, Prof. Wilhelm Ostwald (Leipzig); for medicine, Prof. Emil Theodor Kocher (Berne); for literature, Selma Lagerlöf, the Swedish novelist. The prize for physics will be

divided between Guglielmo Marconi and Prof. Ferdinand Braun (Strasburg), and the Peace Prize will be shared by Senator the Baron d'Estourpelles de Constant, president of the French parliamentary group for international arbitration, and M. Beernaert, sometime Minister of State and Belgian representative at the last Hague peace conference. This last prize, which was, three years ago, voted to Theodore Roosevelt, has been awarded annually for nine years, and has on five occasions been divided. The prizes amount to about \$40,000 each.

Leonard Augustus Jones, for twenty years (1884-1904) associate editor of the *American Law Review*, died December 9 in Boston. He was born at Templeton, Mass., in 1832, and was graduated from the Harvard Law School in 1858. Since 1898 he had been chief justice of the Massachusetts Land Court. His writings include legal treatises of recognized value.

The Rev. John McDowell Leavitt, formerly president of Lehigh University, at South Bethlehem, Pa., and of St. John's College, Annapolis, died in the latter city December 12, in his eighty-sixth year. For several years after his graduation from Jefferson College (1841), he studied and practised law. Later, he entered the theological seminary at Gambier, Ohio, and was ordained in the Protestant Episcopal Church in 1848. Subsequently he held a professorship in Kenyon College and later in Ohio University and in the Reformed Episcopal Theological Seminary (Philadelphia). After identifying himself with the Reformed Episcopal Church, Dr. Leavitt went to Lehigh University, and for many years was president of that institution. He was, also, editor and publisher of the *Church Review* and the founder and editor of the *National Review*. His writings comprise "Reasons for Faith in the Nineteenth Century" and other religious works and a number of poems.

Science.

The Place of Animals in Human Thought. By the Countess Evelyn Martinengo-Cesaresco. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.

The Countess Cesaresco has here thrown new light upon one of the oldest of subjects. The ordinary reader, perhaps, will not be attracted to the perusal of this book by the title alone. It is, nevertheless, safe to say that few intelligent persons will begin the reading without pushing through to the end. From the ancient Vedic theory of "soul-wanderings," in which one follows the procession of the human soul from death to life through sundry animal forms, to the ideas of Descartes and Darwin, and the kindly moderns who would apply humane principles to the lower animals, the subject is treated with a degree of learning and with a clarity and sprightliness of style that hold unflagging attention.

The Vedic theory that animals, like

men, enter at death a soul-world in which they preserve their identity, does not commend itself strongly to modern conceptions. Yet to Asiatics the destruction of spirit seems quite as impossible as is the destruction of matter to a nineteenth-century biologist. The horse and the goat that were immolated at a Vedic funeral were intended to precede and announce the coming of the soul of the deceased. Therewith went the idea that the human spirit would need the services of its animal companions in the spirit-world, and would there be served by them. This, of course, implied the immortality of the animal as well as of the human soul.

The Suttee, which withstood the progress of Christianity and modern Western ideas so strenuously, had its origin in the wish that the wife might accompany and serve her husband in the future life, as in the present. As illustrating the wide diffusion of like ideas, and the strong hold that it takes on primitive minds, our author cites the case of an old Irish woman, within her own knowledge, who, on being remonstrated with for having killed her husband's horse, replied, "Do ye think I would let my man go on foot in the next world?" Coming down to the Sutras and Upanishads, one finds the belief expressed therein to be that the same soul in its wanderings may occupy the body of a Brahman, a worm, an insect, a begging tramp, a dog, an elephant, a cow. The Grecian philosopher, Pythagoras, who interpreted transmigration to European minds, and who may have borrowed it from Egypt, believed that he had been one of the Trojan heroes, and at once recognized his shield among the votive weapons hung up in the temple of Juno. Lucian's satire upon the Pythagorean theory, which is better known to modern readers by the use which Erasmus made of it with such gusto, presented a Pythagorean cock which had been successively a man, a woman, a prince, a subject, a fish, a horse, and a frog. This varied experience was summed up in the judgment that man was found to be the most wretched of all creatures! For all others patiently grazed within the allotted enclosures of Nature, while man alone broke out and strayed beyond those safe limits. Doubtless, many of Lucian's Roman admirers eschewed the admirable moral, and held the doctrine thus parodied as the height of absurdity. But in the essential feature of a transmigration of spirits, it still appeals to a great multitude of human beings, as a most serious truth.

After Pythagoras, the Greek Empedocles thought that he had passed through many forms, among others those of a bird. Could such fancies have originated from dreams? This reviewer recalls how the dream of flying like a bird came to him night after night, and persisted during much of his youth. He

would awake from sleep with the impression deeply set in his mind that he had been a flying creature. How easy the step from this vision-estate to the belief, at last, in a past where one had wandered in a bird-soul. That some such conceptions as the above had decided lodgment among early Christians is manifest not only from the views expressed by Origen, but by the deliverance of the Council of Constantinople; A. D. 543: "Whosoever believes in the fabled prior existence of souls, let him be anathema!"

Not the least interesting part of this volume is that which relates to the Christian period, and the strange views held in various parts of Christendom about animals. The attractive character of St. Francis of Assisi, the saintly enthusiast who preached to the birds, his "brothers," and of many another recluse, driven by irrepressible longing for society to friendly companionship with animals, presents one side of the subject. On the other side, the author has uncovered no less than 144 cases of the judicial and ecclesiastical trial of various animals for alleged misdemeanors, dealing with them as though they were moral and responsible creatures. Think, for example, of the formal arraignment and deliberate and serious trial of a fly, with all the solemnities of a judicial tribunal.

In summing up, one may commend such writing as is found in this book for its influence in giving to our animal associates a fairer chance in life. Whatever one may think of the doctrines of some of the Oriental religions anent animal immortality and transmigration of souls as here unfolded, it is certainly true that many Western Christians have much to learn from Asiatics in the matter of humane treatment of beasts.

Although Charles B. Cory's "Birds of Illinois and Wisconsin," in the Zoological Series of the Chicago Field Museum of Natural History (IX, 131), deals avowedly with the birds of but two States, its usefulness is far wider than the title itself suggests, as many of the 398 species of birds of which it treats are found throughout the East and South. This volume gives full descriptions of the plumage of these birds, their nests and eggs and geographical distribution, together with more or less brief biographical accounts. This material has been so painstakingly treated that there is very little criticism to offer. Two hundred and fifty of the 750 pages are devoted to keys to families, genera, and species, and most of the rest of the book to the systematic account. At the conclusion is a careful key to the eggs of the birds breeding in Illinois and Wisconsin, a bibliography, and an index. The keys are, on the whole, not new, but adapted from the author's "Key to the Birds of Eastern North America." Perhaps the most important part of the whole is the illustrations, which include figures not only of the structural parts such as wings, bills, and feet;

of almost every species, but also half or full-length drawings of the entire bird.

The dedication of the new building of the Harvard Dental School occurred December 8, the exercises being held in Sanders Theatre. The building is in Longwood Avenue, Boston, adjacent to the Harvard Medical School.

Charles B. Withington, inventor of the first automatic grain binder, died December 12 at Janesville, Wisconsin, in his sixty-third year. Early in the sixties he began to experiment upon an improved grain binder; and, in 1870, he obtained a patent for an invention which has revolutionized the agricultural industry.

Drama.

The Piper. By Josephine Preston Peabody. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.10 net.

This is a little poetic play of uncommon quality, having distinct literary and dramatic value. It is a new and delicately imaginative version of the old Pied Piper of Hamelin legend, enriched with a romantic love story, much tender and humane sentiment, the grace of true childhood, and an inspiring moral. The piping hero now appears in the guise of a vagrant idealist, a strolling mummer filled with a passionate worship of nature, children, and all wild, innocent creatures, and a consuming hatred of the greed, hypocrisy, and social and religious intolerances that kill the joy of life. His mission is to give freedom to all caged things, and his spell is love. The story is told with admirable simplicity. It is genuinely and consistently, if never brilliantly, poetic. The rats and mice have been charmed away before the first curtain rises. Action begins when the Piper, Reynard the Fox, in a band of wandering pantomimists, is refused his promised guerdon. Kurt, the Syndic, and Jacobus, the burgomaster, denounce him as a masterless dog, incapable of civil rights, outlawed, and powerless. They give the credit to St. Willibald, holding that a mass is a more dignified and less expensive way of discharging the debt. Thereupon the Piper, while the parents are in church, lures away the children, as in the old tale, with the Syndic's crippled stepson, Jan, at their head, to an ancient cavern in a haunted glen, whither, he knows, the superstitious crowd will not dare to follow. There he feeds and entertains them in a charming scene. When the town authorities, including the priest, decide that the mayor's daughter, Barbara, must be made a nun, as a sacrifice to an offended Heaven, he rescues her with his magic pipe, and restores her to the lover of her choice, the handsome swordswallower, Michael. The children, he swears, shall never be given back to be reared in the grinding, soulless Hame-

lin tradition; but in an encounter with Veronica, the stricken mother of the crippled Jan—a finely imagined and written scene of tense spiritual conflict—he realizes that her indomitable love, rooted in patience and self-sacrifice, is loftier and more potent than his own, and he abandons his vengeance. With this enforcement of a high and wise morality, the way is opened to a logical and happy ending. The Piper leads the children home, recalls the now dying Veronica to life and happiness by the gift of her lost boy, and then, amid general rejoicings, departs to pipe elsewhere.

Properly acted upon the stage, the play could scarcely fail of popular success, for it makes a strong appeal both to youthful sympathies and mature intelligence. But the dainty bloom of it would almost inevitably perish in a merely commercial production. It well deserves, however, the earnest consideration of the directors of the New Theatre. A better Christmas piece it would be hard to find.

The "Penelope," of W. S. Maugham, which was produced in the Lyceum Theatre on Monday evening, is a very light piece, more nearly allied to farce than comedy. It is like other inventions of the same author, smartly written in places, and it contains some ingenious and amusing situations, but drags occasionally and reveals many signs of haste and carelessness. Of dramatic substance it has little, and such moral as it implies is of doubtful truth or wisdom. Briefly, it is the tale of a loving wife, who re-wins an errant husband by pretending an indifference which she does not feel. Her final victory is due clearly to theatrical predestination, not to any logic arising from the facts. The whole scheme is deficient in reality and credibility, but there are some very funny scenes, notably one between the rival women, in which the injured wife routs her adversary in most entertaining fashion. But Mr. Maugham's humor is apt to be of a somewhat cheap and common kind, and sometimes is not altogether free from a tinge of vulgarity. The piece was only moderately successful with a first-night audience, but it is only fair to say that it might easily have been much better acted. That sprightly performer, Miss Marie Tempest, had, virtually, to carry nearly the whole weight of the performance upon her own shoulders. Her method does not vary much. To see her in one piece is to see her in all, but she is a neat workwoman, and her mixture of archness and audacity, her mercurial movement, her power of mischievous suggestion, and her mock sentiment rarely fail to excite the laughter, which is her main object.

Dustin Farnum is to be the "leading man" of the Hackett Theatre production of "Cameo Kirby," the engagement beginning December 20. This is the play of New Orleans, in the early part of the last century, which Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson wrote around the character of a gentleman gambler. The piece was produced in Chicago early last spring, and has been on its travels ever since.

Unwin is the London publisher of "Napoleon—A Historical Tragedy," by Algernon Boyesen. The piece is to be played this season in several Continental cities, including Paris. It is written by a fervent admirer of the Emperor, and "aims," we are told, "rather at poetic truth than at historic realism." If we are to have more Napoleon dramas, this is, by all means, the preferable approach.

Music.

Stories from the Operas. By Gladys Davidson. Philadelphia: J. B. Lipincott Co.

A Guide to Modern Opera. By Esther Singleton. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

It is commonly supposed that most people go to the opera solely to hear the music. If that were so, how account for the dozens of boys near the opera-houses crying: "Librettos, only fifteen cents; cost you a quarter inside"? and how account for the large number of books telling the stories of the operas? Every year brings new ones, with new editions of the old (in one case, the nineteenth). Evidently, the change in the style of opera, becoming less ornamental and more dramatic, has made music-lovers more interested in the plots. As a matter of fact, not only in the case of Wagner, but of such Italian operas as "Tosca" and "Madama Butterfly," it is impossible to enjoy the music fully unless one knows the substance of the famous plays on which they are based.

Even the older operas, in many of which the plot merely served as an excuse for the tunes, are coming in for their share of attention. This accounts for the appearance of a book like Gladys Davidson's. It is concerned with a dozen operas, all but two of which ("Otello" and "Romeo and Juliet") belong to the old style. The others are "The Lily of Killarney," "Lucia," "Lucrezia Borgia," "The Daughter of the Regiment," "The Masked Ball," "Ernani," "The Barber of Seville," "Lurline," "I Puritani," and "The Merry Wives of Windsor." This last and "The Barber of Seville" may be taken as links between the old and the new. Short biographic sketches of the composers are included in this volume.

As the title indicates, Miss Singleton's book is concerned with operas of our day, in which the libretto is often almost if not quite as important as the music. Here we find twenty-six favorites of the hour, including "The Bartered Bride," "La Gioconda," "Otello," "Tosca," "Madama Butterfly," and particularly also the operas which owe their present vogue in this country to Oscar Hammerstein, among them "Thais," "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame,"

"Louise," "Pelléas et Mélisande," and "Salome." Even Strauss's latest work, "Elektra," is included, although it is not to be produced here till next month. One could not be more contemporary. Miss Singleton is an expert writer, and she tells the stories clearly and with abundant detail. Pictures of a dozen opera singers adorn the volume.

A prima donna war is raging at the Metropolitan Opera House over the rôle of Tosca in Puccini's opera. When this work was first produced, in 1901, the titular part was sung and acted by Milka Ternina with a considerable display of temperament. Some years later the part was assumed by Emma Eames, who lent it the aid of her beauty of person as well as of voice, and surprised every one by the unexpected realism of her acting. This year she is not a member of the company, and three singers are struggling to be her favored successor. Geraldine Farrar had the first chance. Nervousness marred some of her vocal measures, although for the most part she sang the music beautifully and—what is more important still in this opera—emotionally. In youth and beauty supreme, she also surpassed her predecessors in naturalness of action, and particularly in the fascinating variety of facial expression. In these respects she vividly recalled Sarah Bernhardt. On Saturday night came Tosca number four—Olive Fremstad—another woman beautiful to behold and to listen to. She was far better vocally than in her acting, which was crude and unsatisfactory, especially in the matter of facial eloquence. These Tosca experiments have their chief value in the demonstration of the great importance of facial expression in modern operas, especially those of Puccini, which are based on famous plays. Miss Farrar plays the rôle again to-morrow night, and later Mme. Destinn is to assume it.

Gustav Mahler is the lion of the day in the local concert world. The reconstructed Philharmonic Orchestra plays under him as it never has played in its history. It is worth while to make a long journey to hear one of these concerts. The programme is immaterial. Mr. Mahler has made a Bach suite the sensation of the hour! He has put new life into the Beethoven symphonies, making audiences applaud them as they applauded Safonoff's conducting of Tchaikovsky's. He makes his men play Richard Strauss and the tone poems of the contemporary French school with a brilliant virtuosity that has heretofore been a monopoly of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. He will conduct his own first symphony to-night and to-morrow afternoon. He is reviving old favorites, like the "Scherzo Capriccioso" of Dvorák, a piece often on the programmes of Theodore Thomas, which has been unduly neglected since his departure. It anticipates some of Richard Strauss's humorous features and adds to them what Strauss lacks—spontaneous melody which speaks to the heart. Strauss is clever, Dvorák inspired; and Mahler's interpretation makes it clear why the Bohemian is superior to the German.

The death is announced of Frederick George Edwards, the editor, since 1897, of the *Musical Times*. He was the author of "The Musical Haunts of London" and of

the "History of Mendelssohn's 'Elijah,'" and was a contributor to the new "Grove" dictionary, and to the "Dictionary of National Biography."

Charles Bordes, one of César Franck's most brilliant pupils, has just died at Toulon, aged forty-six years. His talents were first recognized in a commission from the French government to collect the folk songs of the Basque countries. In 1890 he founded the society of the Singers of St. Gervais, which devoted itself especially to the old church compositions of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries. In the organization of the Schola Cantorum Alexandre Guilmant and Vincent d'Indy were associated with him, and he continued his propaganda by founding organizations for the cultivation of the old music in Lyons, Montpellier, Marseilles, and Toulon. His name was made widely known through his "Archives de la Tradition Basque," 1889.

Art.

NATIONAL ACADEMY PICTURES.

Having been away for a matter of three years, the present writer is unable to make the prescribed comparisons between this and recent Academies. As measured by those of a few years ago it is more varied. Figure painting and portraiture of a decorative sort have come to relieve the stereotyped alternation of portraiture and landscape painting. Barring the front room, it is better hung than was usual. In the Vanderbilt gallery the arrangement is admirable. Of course, this ease is won only through sacrifice. One hundred and seventy paintings were accepted only to be sent back for want of wall space. It seems to us that a consolation list of such disappointed artists should be printed in the catalogue. With those who blamelessly remain in outer darkness should be commiserated those forty-odd painters whose contributions, crowded frame to frame in two tiers, are seen in the academy room by electric light. Here no one may be certain of the quality of what he sees. For example, Ernest D. Roth's *The Yellow House*, standing so upright on its bluff against a sweep of plain, seems one of the most vigorous and self-contained landscapes of the show. But one cannot venture to decide how much the electrician has made or marred Mr. Roth.

If the present show differs from those of some years ago in variety and improved hanging, it is painfully true to type in the prevalence of absenteeism. A dozen of the more prominent among the older men, and perhaps as many among the growing talents, have not thought it worth while to exhibit. A dozen more of the men who count have sent rather mediocre contributions. Later in their personal shows, or in those of the smaller groups, we shall see what

has really interested them this year. Now the Academy, through its reorganization and in its present policy, has put itself in a reasonable and liberal attitude. The old feuds are now outlawed. Why, then, is there not greater loyalty among its members? Partly due to American individualism, much of this abstention hardly deserves so fair a name.

Ranging as it does from monumental decoration to *genre* or mere illustration, figure painting is the surest index of the condition of a national art. What is our kind of figure painting? Is it Kenyon Cox's intelligent revival of the Venetian manner—without, however, the Venetian sweep or glow—in the big oval composition, *Passing Commerce Pays Tribute to the Port of Cleveland*, or is it Mr. Sewall's pre-Raphaelite medallion, *Psyche Seeks Love Beyond the River of the Dead*? Both these decorations have engaging details. Mr. Cox's Danae-like Cleveland is calculated to detain the hurrying god of trade; Mr. Sewall's shades of the dead are winsome folk and their attitudes charming and pathetic, yet neither composition invites the mind to step in and be at rest. A painter's world should be inviting and habitable. That Elliot Daingerfield's emphatically is in such a picture as *Pearls of the Morning*, and this by no means through the obvious prettiness of nacreous flesh, soft virginal forms, water lilies in a mountain, shrubs and saplings screening a silvery sky. These ingredients are in a way nugatory. What counts is a demure and yet passionate vision, a reflective but ardent consummation of an ideal. Mr. Daingerfield is frankly in the line of Giorgione and Fantin, and thereby more himself perhaps than the restless individualists that know no past and acknowledge no master. The few remaining nudes want rather little attention from the fastidious visitor. F. D. Marsh's two figures in the Golden Cup suggest a tonal beauty which the electric light undoubtedly minimizes unfairly. There is vivacity and joy of life in Lillian Gent's two bathers in a shaded pool, but the slipperiness of the touch is unduly prominent, while unexpressive, and the invention barely escapes banality. Childe Hassam's big *Aphrodite* raises the whole question of the value of his accomplishment in this vein. To many it will seem less spontaneous and compelling than his prize picture of a few years ago, *Laurel*. To pose a model studio-fashion in the open air and there paint her atmospherically is in itself a conventional and inconsequential procedure. Convention for convention, it is a pure assumption, and a doubtful one, that open-air formulas are preferable to those of the studio. The surfaces of Mr. Hassam's picture are charming, but *Aphrodite* has a casual, nay, a wan-

dered, look in the world here provided for her. In spite of unassimilated spots of local color, Sergeant Kendall's Psyche is charmingly placed in her oval, distinguished in line, and quite masterly in modelling.

The president's contribution, Sunlight, which holds the place of honor worthily in the centre of the big gallery, might be reckoned to portraiture, but the title and the intentionally slight characterization make it rather the finest example here of the painting of the draped figure. Mr. Alexander, always faithful to his love of the Hogarthian line of beauty, makes a great bow of the girlish figure which bends over to enjoy the rays of sunlight that fall athwart the skirt of a greenish yellow gown. It might be argued, that the Tanagrine inventions in which Mr. Alexander is so fertile would be more effective on a smaller scale. What is indisputable is the thoughtful spontaneity of arrangement, beauty of tone, and massiveness of construction of this unpretending picture. To note how flimsy it makes nearly all the purposefully robust portraits look is to take a lesson in real draughtsmanship. With M. Jean McLane's The Hill Top, a picture which received high exhibition honors at Paris, we have reached our modern sort of thing. The expression of the upturned faces watching soap bubbles float away toward the clouds is vivacious and truthful, and the composition has a certain freshness and spaciousness. It is sturdily painted without doubt or fears.

In the nature of the case, considering the conditions and limitations of the artist who must live by depicting his clients, portraiture will only rarely rise above what Hogarth called "portrait manufacture." It would be hazardous to declare that any portrait in the present exhibition escapes this classification. If so, George de Forest Brush's seated figure of Henry George, painted in 1893 and worked over ten years later, Sergeant Kendall's Dr. Alger, John W. Alexander's Richard Watson Gilder, and Montague Flagg's Portrait of My Wife smack least of the face-painting shop. It is needless to dwell upon these sound traditional works. They have in common fine arrangement, attractive quality of paint, serenity of mood, and patient interpretation of character.

It is emphatically livelier below the gangway among the manufacturers. Here Boldini lords it supreme. His Mrs. Clarence Mackay tossed by an unexplained tempest and fearfully enveloped in an electric blue gown down which shoot baleful zigzag reflections, may or may not be a caricature of a masterful great lady. It has the merit, whatever that may come to, of being unforgettable. It marks the acme of modern restlessness, and cannot be recommended as a model, for that eminence is only big enough for one man, and is already triumphantly

occupied. Possibly the future will regard it as a pathological exhibit. How tame and traditional in comparison seems not merely the Gitana of John Sargent, a relic of his earlier and better days, but also his portrait of Miss Carter. That reversion to early English modes which has marked his later work is betrayed clearly in the latter portrait. It has with the winsomeness something of the insubstantiality of a Romney. In the filmy scarf covering a strident harmony of green and crimson there are passages that only the magic hand of Sargent can paint; but, in the main, like most of his productions for a matter of ten years, it suggests that he no longer pays extravagantly with his person. Robert Henri, on the contrary, seems to be engaged in the difficult and superfluous task of underlining himself. His Girl with Parasol has more than the old emphasis but less than the old stability. The portrait of Mrs. Rockwell has style and fine painting in the blacks, but hardly structure enough to support the over-accented head.

At bottom, all painters of natural scenery deal either directly with water or indirectly with its effects upon the earth; hence, a truer distinction than that of landscape and marine would be the art of the river and of the sea. Here, admittedly, we find our art at its best.

In landscape, in the narrower sense, however, this exhibition barely holds its own. Bruce Crane, F. B. Williams, Redfield, Gardner Symons, and Ernest Lawson give a distinct fillip. From such variously accomplished men as Alden Weir, Ochtman, Ben Foster, Groll, Ranger, Walter Palmer, Cullen Yates, one gets the customary impression with perhaps a little less than the customary intensity. It is fair to say that at least two of these men have merits unadapted to exhibition ordeals. A better Bruce Crane than Woods and Hills the present writer does not recall. It has peace, a refined topographical sense; the sweep of pasture and density of woodlands are delicately indicated; everything is crisply in place; its accord of tans and grays is tenuous but satisfying. It is a picture in which, through selection and sacrifice, naturalism attains to style. Of similar temper, but more robust, as befits his theme, is Redfield's The Rising River. Here the emphasis is on motion—in the saplings that have followed while resisting the flow of the river, and in the drive of the blue river itself. There is zest in the workmanship, and a kind of classic restraint, too, not common in work of this intensity. Unless surface indications fail, Gardner Symons, whose Opalescent River has handsomely won the Carnegie prize, has come under Mr. Redfield's influence. If so, the disciple bids fair to outdo the master. Mr. Symons not merely gives the sense of cleavage,

which is the attribute of a river bed, but also, out of the lines of floating ice cakes and intervening spaces of blue water, the verticals of bordering saplings, and the plunging lines of the river bank, has woven an agreeable pattern.

But, of course, there are many ways, and Frederick Ballard Williams, with Hills of Purple and Rose, is here to remind us that romantic coloring and beautiful textures are not obsolete even in this day of uncompromising naturalism. In its depth and largeness, in its romantic alternation of light and shade, this glimpse down a mountain valley has in it some suggestion of Constable and Barbizon. It is the work of a man who, while valuing his eye and hand, does not share the prevailing distrust of the back of one's head.

Among the younger river men there is no more interesting figure than George Bellows, A.N.A., elect. Both his pictures in this show, The Palisades and Excavation at Night, are of extraordinary force. The city scene has fine pictorial quality as well. The very buffet and shiver of the arc-light on gashed rock are suggested, and the glow of old brick basements in the penumbra above gives the necessary element of repose in a composition of demonic energy. Mr. Bellows's inspiring work is so unfamiliar to the present writer that with diffidence he alludes to the dangers of a reputation for what gentlemen call "guts" and ladies "good red blood." If one is grateful for the power of Mr. Bellows one welcomes also the tranquil ease with which Charles Warren Eaton brings off a decorative effect from the random data of nature. The handful of American subjects here exhibited show how much this is a personal gift, and how little in his better known foreign subjects he has really depended upon conventional picturesque ingredients.

European painters of the sea have mainly dealt with its mottlings and iridescences in calm. Our painters have studied it rather in action as it gaaws at the coast or surges in midocean. Gedney Bunce is of the European mood, and his work has an exotic look: A single and minor excellence, that of tone, is carried to the superlative in his pictures, which have just enough framework to explain the tonal display. This time one is a sunset and the other a sunrise, but the labels might be exchanged without greatly troubling the visitor. In both, thin lifting clouds with their reflections form a sort of chevron, in which like a shaft is inserted an indication of the skyline of Venice. What counts is the brocading.

Winslow Homer, the most American and the greatest expresser of the might of the sea, is unhappily absent, but his spirit is represented in the masculine work of several younger painters. Of

these Paul Dougherty seems to have the most matter in him. His single contribution, *The Black Squall*, is a study of opposed forces—a shattered wave recoiling from the rocks, while behind the racing sud outruns its slower parent billows. There is motion and clamor in it, more, perhaps, of the anarch quality of such a scene than of the majestic order that overrules battling wind and wave. Less energetic and more pictorial is Emil Carlsen's *The Meeting of the Seas*. Converging breakers spout in a miniature geyser down a shelving beach amid the ambers, browns, and olives of an overcast day. The composition is sparse but unified and grows in effectiveness the longer it is viewed. Mr. Waugh's study of ocean rollers gives a sense of their weight, but not of their motion. The searching modelling of the surfaces results in a kind of paintiness. The man who has the knowledge such a study implies should be able to do something much more pleasurable.

The most novel and perhaps most promising variety of our painting—the portrayal of the town—is either relegated to the tender mercies of electric light, exemplified, as in C. C. Cooper's case, by rather unrepresentative instances, or lurks sulkily in the studios. W. J. Glackens's vivacious *Italian Parade* is about the only composition of this type that fulfils the requisites of being good, present, and visible. The scanty showing in this branch may be due to conditions over which the Academy has no control, but the absence and poor placing of the New Yorkers mean a distinct subtraction from the vitality of the show. This kind of work seems the most idiomatic part of our production—being merely the fine flower of our most solidly grounded art—that of illustration.

Sculpture, as the limited accommodation of the galleries dictates, is present only incidentally and in a decorative capacity. Chester Beach's *Young Nymph* catches the gracility of adolescent forms, though there is something amiss in the joining of the nymph and the tortoise on which she balances. Otherwise, on superficial inspection, the animals of Lila A. Wheelock, and the portraits of Chester Beach, Grafly, Hartley, Edmond T. Quinn, and Robert I. Aitken seemed most attractive. M.

Frederick S. Keppel has assembled more than thirty reproductions from rare prints or pictures and has accompanied them by a running commentary, including a bit or two of original verse. The result is an attractive gift book under the descriptive title "*Christmas in Art: The Nativity as Depicted by Artists of the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries*" (Duffield & Co.). There are rare examples of German and Spanish masters, and one or two charming cuts from miniatures of manuscript. But Dürer really ought not to be held respon-

sible for the crowded Adoration in the Naples Gallery (p. 66).

Henry B. Wheatley was well inspired when he decided to gather together out of the older commentators of Hogarth and his own researches the volume now handsomely published as "*Hogarth's London: Pictures of the Manners of the Eighteenth Century*" (Dutton). Here is an elaborate explanation of all the chief compositions. One gets the gist of Ireland, Nichols, Steevens, etc., without their superabundant dross. Mr. Wheatley is commendably cautious in accepting this older testimony as to portraits in Hogarth's character studies. Given his remarkable memory and inquisitive observation it seems impossible to us to fix the bounds of portraiture in his pictures. A kind of half-portraiture is probably the universal method. Through high life, low life, taverns, hospitals, prisons; to the lustings and suburbs; to church and to the theatre, Mr. Wheatley follows Hogarth. We share in his feuds with Pope and Wilkes and "Bruiser" Churchill, and in his friendships with Fielding and Garrick. The book is quite frankly given over to the antiquarian side of the subject, but Hogarth himself undoubtedly thought his function as an historian of manners all important. The marvellous technical accomplishment which we are only now coming to value at its true preciousness, he quietly took for granted. With its many fine plates, fortunately most of them after the pictures and not after those coarse engravings which have unduly obscured Hogarth's artistry, this book will be a useful companion to the standard life by Austin Dobson. We have here pretty much all the relevant material, a considerable amount of which has been added by Mr. Wheatley's industry. It naturally lay apart from his theme to treat the considerable Continental literature on Hogarth, but Julius Meier-Graef's excellent monograph should have been noticed, if only because it is too recent to be included in Mr. Dobson's exhaustive bibliography.

Hermann Kaulbach, the German painter, has died in Munich. He was born in that city in 1846, and was the son of a painter of reputation. He was a student at the University of Munich, and later a pupil of Piloty. He became a royal professor of the fine arts in 1889. Of his works a large proportion were historical paintings. His "*Immortality*" hangs in the Pinakothek, at Munich; and he was the recipient of many prizes, including medals awarded at Chicago in 1893.

Finance.

PLANS FOR THE GOVERNMENT FINANCES.

To say that Secretary MacVeagh's first annual report for the Treasury Department is such a statement as an intelligent body of shareholders would welcome from the president of their company, is to express very high praise. Treasury reports in past years have tended to pass lightly over, or to ignore entirely, the practical questions of efficiency in administering the public exchequer and of scientific adjustment of

expenditure to income. One or two exceptions were, however, noteworthy. Those considerations were always foremost in the mind of that eminent finance minister, Secretary Hugh McCulloch, and it was his lucid and practical handling of them, in his annual reports, that made those documents, so to speak, classics among our government papers, sure to be read with profit by students of the fiscal problems of to-day. Mr. MacVeagh's report takes rank, in this respect, with those of his eminent predecessor.

With the aggressive attitude of the Government in holding down estimates of expenditure to what the Secretary calls the "actual and irreducible needs of government," the President's message has made the country familiar. Mr. MacVeagh points out the reasons for the looseness and extravagance of our past policy in that direction. Our Government submits no budget. That is to say, its finance minister does not, like the Chancellor of the British Exchequer, rise in his place on "budget day," outline his projects for the year's public expenditure, estimate what money will be needed for such outlay, explain the estimates, and, finally, submit his own plans of taxation whereby the requisite revenue may be raised. Hamilton began with such a budget, but, as Mr. MacVeagh points out, the plan "was never fully realized, could not have lasted, and cannot now be instituted."

In a measure, the haphazard calculations, the series of unnecessary surpluses and unnecessary deficits, which have resulted from our plan of arranging public income and public outlay through different legislative chambers and through separate committees in each of those chambers, may be averted by the new provision of last March for a supervising "budget committee." This body has for its duties the thorough revision of estimates by the Cabinet as a whole, before they go to Congress, and their further consideration by the chairmen of the several appropriation committees, acting in concert. The plan is as yet experimental; but the result to date, even before the estimates have been formally taken in hand by Congress, has been the asking of \$94,000,000 less than was asked for the current fiscal year, and \$55,663,000 less than was actually appropriated for it.

The Secretary rightly declares that it is neither necessary nor proper for him to discuss at this time the general problem of currency reform. That problem has been referred by Congress, for investigation and report, to the Monetary Commission, and pending its action the matter is in abeyance. The much-mooted Central Bank expedient is not so much as mentioned in the Treasury report. The Secretary merely observes that to-day we have "neither an adjustable currency nor trustworthy surplus."

reserves"—students of certain recent bank statements will read the last four words with interest—and he appeals for the laying aside of "political partisanship, special interest, and pride of opinion," in future consideration of the problem.

But there are some banking problems which the Treasury is forced to confront at once. One of them is the rise in the interest rate on government

bonds, and the bearing of that rise on the use of such bonds to secure the present banknote circulation. The 2 per cents, into which the bulk of the public debt was converted in 1900, and which to-day make up nearly seven-eighths of the entire collateral behind the \$680,000,000 outstanding banknotes, are selling virtually at par, and have been below that price. The cause of this is similar in the main to that of

the recent fall below par of New York city's 3 and 4 per cents—namely, the prospect of very large additional issues, and the general rise in the price of capital. But the depreciation in the United States bonds is more awkward than in the New York bonds; first, because many of the government 2 per cents were bought by national banks at a higher price to take out circulation, and, secondly, because a fall below par on the part of bonds thus pledged may be followed, under the Banking Law, by demand for additional collateral against banknotes now outstanding.

Secretary MacVeagh says, quite correctly, that "no government, however rich, has a 2 per cent. borrowing power." A glance at the London market's daily prices shows that French and English government bonds, at the current valuation, yield 3 per cent. net to the investor, and German Imperial bonds 3½. The Secretary intimates his own regret that 2 per cent. bonds should ever have been issued by our Government. His criticism is probably sound, though it is fair to say that when Secretary Gage's proposed conversion plan of 1900 was adopted, neither the costly Panama Canal undertaking, nor the general rise in the value of capital, nor a concrete plan for dispensing with a bond-secured banknote circulation, was in sight. The conversion to a 2 per cent. basis, with the subsequent fixing of that rate for Panama Canal loans, was designed to avoid the very situation which altered circumstances have brought upon us, and to avoid it through holding down the market premium on the bonds, so as to give small scope for depreciation.

Be this as it may, the Secretary now proposes that, if the 3 per cent. bonds contemplated be used as a basis for banknote circulation, the notes shall be taxed 1½ per cent., as against the present tax of one-half of 1 per cent., which he would maintain in the case of the government twos. The result would be to give no advantage to circulation based on the 3 per cents, expectation of such advantage having been at least one cause for the weakness of the present outstanding government bonds.

The argument for a provision of this sort is convincing. The Secretary further suggests that if a sale of "Panama threes" "should produce more cash than the Treasury balance needs, there might be bought in the market for the sinking fund some of the 2 per cent. bonds." This, he reasons, should sustain the price above par. It is doubtful if this plan will be so readily accepted as a sound economic proposition. It is, however, not without pertinence to observe that, as the law now stands, the Secretary not only has the power to redeem outstanding debt, regardless of new borrowing, but is instructed so to do. The Federal statutes explicitly require "purchase or payment of one per

Financial.

Financia'.

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centum of the entire debt of the United States to be made within each fiscal year."

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Allinson, F. G. and A. C. Greek Lands and Letters. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. \$2.50 net.
 Bancroft, J. H. Games for the Playground, Home, School, and Gymnasium. Macmillan. \$1.50 net.
 Burton, R. Masters of the English Novel. Holt & Co.
 Cambridge Modern History. Vol. VI. The Eighteenth Century. Macmillan Co. \$4 net.
 Coates, F. E. Lyrics of Life. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. \$1.25.
 Coffey, G. Guide to the Celtic Antiquities of the Christian Period Preserved in the National Museum, Dublin.
 Coolidge, A. C. Human Beings vs. Things. Watertown, N. Y.: Hungerford-Holbrook Co. \$1.
 Draper, A. S. American Education. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. \$2 net.
 Ellis, W. T. Men and Missions. Phila.: Sunday School Times Co. \$1 net.
 Emanuel, W., and Aldin, C. A Conceited Puppy. Dutton: 50 cents.
 English Parnassus: An Anthology of Long-er Poems, with notes by W. M. Dixon and H. J. C. Grierson. Frowde.
 Faust, A. B. The German Element in the United States. 2 vols. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. \$7.50 net.
 Folwell, W. W. University Addresses. Minneapolis: H. W. Wilson Co.
 Hackwood, F. W. Inns, Ales, and Drinking Customs of Old England. Sturgis & Walton.
 Hale, P. L. Great Portraits: Women. Boston: Bates & Guild Co. \$1.50.
 Harper, R. F. Assyrian and Babylonian Letters Belonging to the Kouyunjik Collections of the British Museum. Part IX. Univ. of Chicago Press.

Hedin, S. Trans-Himalaya: Discoveries and Adventures in Tibet. 2 vols. Macmillan. \$7.50 net.
 Jallade, E. J. A Vol D'Oiseau. Drysen & Pfeiffer.
 Jeremias, A. Das Alter der babylonischen Astronomie. Second edition. Leipzig: J. C. Hinrichs'sche Buchhandlung.
 Johnston, A. F. The Little Colonel's Good Times Book. Boston: Page & Co. \$1.50.
 Johnson, C. When Mother Lets Us Help. Moffat, Yard. 75 cents net.
 Johnson, S. Selections, edited with an intro. by L. G. Osgood. Holt & Co.
 Konta, A. L. The History of French Literature. Appleton. \$2.50 net.
 Krehbiel, H. E. A Book of Operas. Macmillan.
 Lewis, A. Wind O' the West. London: Elkin Mathews.
 Lodge, G. C. The Soul's Inheritance. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. \$1 net.
 Lodge, O. The Survival of Man. Moffat, Yard. \$2 net.
 Lord Kelvin's Early Home: Being the Recollections of His Sister, the Late Mrs. Elizabeth King. Macmillan. \$2.60 net.
 Lowndes, M. E. The Nuns of Port Royal. Frowde.
 Mackaye, P. Poems. Macmillan. \$1.25 net.
 Macy, J. A Child's Guide to Reading. Baker & Taylor Co. \$1.25 net.
 Mayes, J. S. Breezes from the Southland. Broadway Pub. Co. 75 cents.
 McSorley, J. The Sacrament of Duty and Other Essays. Columbus Press.
 Moore, A. Physiology of Man and Other Animals. Holt & Co.
 Morrison, F. W. Tres Comedias Modernas. Edited with notes and vocabulary. Holt & Co.
 Morrison, Sarah G. From Lotos to Cherry Blossom. Cochran Pub. Co. \$1.50.
 Ogilvy, J. S. Relics and Memorials of London City. Dutton. \$7 net.
 Pemberton, M. H. Reuben: His Book. Broadway Pub. Co. \$1.50.
 Polko, E. Musical Sketches. Trans. from the German. Sturgis & Walton. \$1.25 net.

Powell, A. M. Trailing and Camping in Alaska. A. Wessels. \$2 net.
 Preyer, D. C. The Art of the Metropolitan Museum of New York. Page & Co.
 Rand, B. The Classical Moralists: Selections illus. Ethics from Socrates to Martineau. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. \$3 net.
 Report of the State Board of Tax Commissioners, 1908. Albany, N. Y.
 Russell, G. E. Text-Book on Hydraulics. Holt & Co.
 Saunders, M. Tilda Jane's Orphans. Boston: Page & Co. \$1.50.
 Scott, F. N., and Denney, J. V. Paragraph-Writing: a Rhetoric for Colleges. New edition, rewritten. Boston: Allyn & Bacon. \$1.
 Sichel, W. Sheridan. With illustrations. 2 vols. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. \$7.50 net.
 Slouschz, N. The Renaissance of Hebrew Literature (1743-1885). Phila.: Jewish Pub. Society of America.
 Stokes' Encyclopedia of Music and Musicians. Revised and enlarged by L. J. de Bekker. Stokes Co. \$3 net.
 Strack, H. L. The Jew and Human Sacrifice. Translated from the 8th edition; with corrections, etc. The Bloch Pub. Co. \$3 net.
 Swanton, J. R. Tlingit Myths and Texts. Washington: Gov. Printing Office.
 Tennyson, A. In Memoriam. Illus. and decorations by C. M. Burd. Sturgis & Walton Co. \$2 net.
 Thompson, G. B. The Kulturkampf: an Essay. Toronto, Canada: Macmillan Co. \$1.25 net.
 Titchener, E. B. Lectures on the Experimental Psychology of the Thought-Processes. Macmillan. \$1.25 net.
 Viking Club Year Book. Vol. I. July, 1909. London.
 Vederkind, F. The Awakening of Spring. Trans. from the German by F. J. Ziegler. Phila.: Brown Bros. \$1.25 net.
 Wilder, H. H. History of the Human Body. Holt & Co.
 Zogheb, A. M. de. Etudes sur L'Ancienne Alexandrie. Paris: E. Leroux.

Jones's Logic, Inductive and Deductive

By ADAM L. JONES, Professor in Columbia University. x+304 pp. 12mo. \$1.00.

The aim of this text-book is to present, in as concrete a form as is possible, the rudiments of Logic, considered as method. Exercises are supplied for most of the chapters: emphasis is put upon the application of the principles discussed.

R. M. Wenley, *University of Michigan*: It seems to me an excellent book. In particular, it is calculated to deliver the student from that bane of most logic manuals; the appeal to mere memory. At many points, too, Prof. Jones brings his chapters into touch with practical problems of the day in a way that can hardly fail to stimulate even the dull.

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